

Sherman-Dunham-Busick Story

by Ora L. Rathbone
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INTRODUCTION

A desire to know something of our ancestry is a sentiment natural to the human race. Under those conditions of society and government where wealth and rank depend upon descent, self-interest will see to it that the record be kept with scrupulous care; in our day a higher and more dis-interested motive invites to the labor of genealogical research. A pride of ancestry is certainly laudable, as possessing a degree of utility; it prompts us to emulate their virtues and to seek to preserve untarnished the reputation for fortitude, industry and piety that marked our Puritan forefathers. The preservation of lines of family descent has the sanction of divine authority, inasmuch as several chapters of the Bible are devoted to genealogies. It is said that the descendants of the Chinese philosopher, Confucious, can exhibit an authentic genealogy through 65 generations up to their illustrious ancestor.

It is only within a comparative few years that a zeal for genealogical investigation has been manifested in this country. The originals of many family records are already lost beyond recovery; others will disappear unless steps are speedily taken to rescue them from the threatened oblivion; while at the best the only evidence that remain are old musty wills and deeds, and the records on ivy-covered tombstones in old, neglected burial grounds. The difficulty of preparing an authentic record can be appreciated only by those who have themselves been engaged in such work. As the value of a work like the present depends so largely upon the correctness of its names and dates, great care and solicitude have been exercised to secure the highest practicable degree of accuracy in these respects. Still, the writer must admit the possibility that mistakes have crept in, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary.

The author wishes to state that if more space appears to be given in the present compilation to the personal reminiscences of his own immediate family it is because the facts are more available as naturally coming more under his notice, and not from any desire or intention to show any preference. Everything that was thought to be of interest that could be obtained from any source, relating to either branch of the family, has been given a place.

The writer asks and expects no remuneration for his work, except it may be a due appreciation, on the part of the family, of his endeavor to put into a permanent form the records of their ancestry. Only a limited number of copies are to be prepared; and they are to be circulated gratuitously.

While there are unworthy members in every family, the writer feels he will be pardoned for the observation that while nearly one thousand representatives of the Sherman family are referred to by name in the following pages, not one of that number ever degenerated to the position of a foe to society and a criminal in the eyes of the law.

As was written of Jabal of old, that he was the "father of such as have cattle" so in like manner have the male descendants of the Sherman's, almost without exception, been identified as cattle dealers, most of whom accumulated wealth in the business.

The author would return acknowledgment to all who have rendered assistance in the compilation of the work, and would make especial

mention of the valuable aid given by Victor Sherman, 176 Fountain St., Delaware, Ohio; John Sherman of 2450 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio; Ruth Sherman (Mrs. Hite) of Thornville, Ohio; Mrs. Edith Beiter, Curator of Campus Martius Museum, Marletta, Ohio; and Mrs. J. Wesley Wright, her daughter, of Milwaukee, Wis., also Rev. Hubert C. Vincent of Chelan, Wash.

The Shermans are of German origin. In the fatherland the name Sherman, Schurman, Schearman, Scherman, often occurs, and was no doubt transferred many centuries ago to the vicinity of London by the Anglo-Saxon emigration, where it still remains numerous. From this metropolitan stock a scion was transplanted to Dedham, Essex Co., England, which long flourished and sent forth other shoots. The name is derived from the original occupation of the family; they were cloth dressers, or shearers of cloth.

SHERMAN

It appears that, influenced by the same motive, Edmond Sherman determined to remove his family, with his nephew, "Cap't John" to Boston. In one statement made in respect to them it is said that the father and his 3 sons and nephew embarked for Boston, but this is doubtful. It is certain, however, that his son, Rev. John Sherman and his son Samuel, and his nephew "Cap't John", did go to Boston in 1634. It is quite as certain that if they were accompanied by their father and their brother Edmond, that the two latter returned again to Dedham in 1636. Edmond Sherman Sr., lived and died at Dedham, England. One of his descendants, Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, a few years ago visited Dedham and there found one of the church windows of stained glass bearing the initials of Edmond Sherman as having been his gift, and the record shows that one of the buttresses of the church was erected at his expense. Henry Beers Sherman there saw the pupils of a fine school endowed by Edmond Sherman and still in operation, attending the church in procession.

When in London, in the summer of 1889, I concluded to make a visit to "the graves of my ancestors". I examined Black's Universal Atlas to locate Dedham, but it was not to be found. I made inquiries, but could discover no one who knew anything about Dedham, and concluded there was no such place, although I had often read about it. I was compelled, therefore, to give up my visit.

Senator Hoar, a descendant, through his mother, of Roger Sherman of Revolutionary fame, was more fortunate or more persistent than I, for he subsequently found Dedham and verified the accounts we had of our common ancestor and procured photographs, copies of which I have, of the monument of Edmond Sherman, of the church near which he was buried, and of the handsome school building, still called "the Sherman Library", that he had left by his will for the youth of Dedham, with a sufficient annuity to support it. Dedham is but 2 or 3 miles from Manningtree, a more modern town on the line of the railroad, which was substantially obscured the ancient and decayed village of Dedham.

The sexton of this church wrote Gen. Sherman soon after he had become distinguished as a military leader, calling his attention to the neglected monument of his ancestor, Edmond Sherman, in the church yard, and asking a contribution for its repair. The General sent a reply to the effect that, as his ancestor in England had reposed in peace under a monument for more than two centuries, while some of his more recent ancestors lay in unmarked graves, he thought it better to contribute for them here and leave to his English cousins the care of the monuments of their common ancestors in England. This letter is highly prized by the sexton and has been shown to visitors, among them Sen. Hoar as a memento of Gen. Sherman.

Captain John Sherman, soon after his arrival in Boston, settled in Watertown, Mass., where he married and had a large family of children. Among his descendants was Roger Sherman of the Revolution, by far the most distinguished man of the name. He had the good fortune to contribute to and sign the three most important papers of the American History, The Address to the King, The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Another among the descendants of Captain John Sherman, were Hon. Roger Minot Sherman, of New Haven, a nephew of Roger Sherman, a distinguished lawyer and a leading participant in the Hartford Convention. Wm. M. Evarts, George F. Hoar and Chauncey M. Depew are descendants of Roger Sherman his brother.

Rev. John Sherman, the eldest son of Edmond Sherman, was born on Dec. 26, 1613 at Dedham, England. He graduated at Emmanuel College Cambridge, left college a Puritan and came over to America in 1634, as above stated. He preached his first sermon at Watertown, Mass., under a tree, soon after his arrival in this country. In a few weeks he went to New Haven, Conn., and preached in several places, but finally settled at Watertown, where he had a large family of children. His numerous descendants are well distributed throughout the United States, but most of them in New York.

SAMUEL SHERMAN, the youngest son of Edmond Sherman, is the ancestor of the family to which I belong. At the age of 16 years he came with his brother, Rev. John Sherman and his cousin Captain John in April, 1634, in the ship, "Elizabeth" from Ipswich, and arrived in Boston in June, and for a time settled in Watertown, Mass. He afterwards moved to Weathersfield, Conn., thence to Stamford, Conn., and thence to Stratford.

In Cothren's History of Ancient Woodbury, there are found full details of the life of Samuel Sherman and his numerous descendants to the present generation. Of Samuel Sherman, Mr. Cothren says: "He was from Dedham, Essex County, England, came to this country in 1634, and previous to the date of the plantation, at Woodbury, had been a leading man in the Colony of Connecticut. He had assisted in the settlement of several other towns in the colony, and now undertook the same for Woodbury. He had been a member of the Court of Assistants, or Upper House of the General Court, and Supreme Judicial Tribunal, for 5 or 6 years from 1663, and held various offices and appointments of honor and trust. He is referred to in ancient deeds and documents as the "Worshipful Samuel Sherman".

In 1676 he was one of the commission for Stratford and Woodbury." NOTE: The foregoing, the early history of the Sherman families in America, was taken from the book entitled "John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate and Cabinet, an autobiography written by Senator John Sherman and published in 1895.

The order of succession of the descendants of Samuel Sherman, the ancestor of the family to which I belong is as follows: (Ora L. Rothbone.)

1 Benjamin Sherman (9) the 9th child of Samuel Sherman, was b. Mar. 29, 1662 at Stratford, Conn. He marr., Rebecca Philipenny, June 6, 1683. He d. Aug. 29, 1741.

2. Job Sherman (30) 1st child of Benjamin Sherman, was b. Apr. 7, 1690. He marr., Sarah Seeley and lived at Newton, Conn., and later moved to Lanesboro, Mass.

3 Joel Sherman (J-4) 4th child of Job Sherman, was b. Mar. 25, 1720. He marr., Ruth----. He was a charter member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church at Lanesboro, Mass. He came to Lanesboro with his father when a boy.

4 Abel Sherman (J-10) 1st child of Joel Sherman (J-4) was b. in 1744 in Lanesboro, Mass. He marr., Lucy Foote, who was b. 1747 and d. Mar. 18, 1839 in Ohio. About 1789, Abel Sherman and family started for the West. They stopped for 4 years at Short Creek, Va. This was a little settlement just north of Wheeling, W.Va., is now located. Then, probably about 1793 they came to Marietta, Ohio. The next year Abel and wife, with Ezra Sherman and wife, and 2 other sons, Josiah and Eli and daughter Amy, with others went about 26 miles up the Muskingum River above and near Waterford and started a new settlement known as "Sherman Station". Here he was killed Aug. 15, 1794 by Silverheels the Shawnee-White Indian.

5 Josiah Sherman, (J-17) son of Abel Sherman, b. in Lanesboro, Mass., came with his father to Marietta and later to Waterford Twp., He later moved on up into Muskingum Co., Ohio. He later went to Delaware Co., Ohio and d. there May 29, 1842, and is buried in Mar-borough C., near Delaware Co.

6 Eli Sherman (H-1) son of Josiah Sherman, b. Sept. 5, 1807, Muskingum Co., Ohio. He marr., Rachael Nichols in 1829. She was b. Mar. 29, 1811, and d. Aug. 10, 1862, in Delaware Co., Ohio. Eli Sherman worked for many years on the dredge boats on the Muskingum River between Zanesville and Marietta. He removed to near Delaware, the County Seat of Delaware Co., Ohio ca 1842.

7 Mary "Polly" Sherman, (H-25) daughter of Eli, b. Aug. 30, 1830 in Muskingum Co., Ohio. She went to near Delaware, Ohio with her father and mother about 1842. She marr., Solomon Dunham, Apr. 21, 1840. They had 5 children. She d. Oct. 10, 1867, near Greenup, Ill., and is buried in Tippet C.

The "Worshipful" Samuel Sherman

marr., Sarah Mitchell, b. 1618, Dedham, Essex, England, d. Apr. 5, 1700, Fairfield, Conn. He came from England to Mass., in 1634 with brother and uncle. Was prominent in establishing towns in Conn. His son John lived there. Children:

1 Samuel Sherman (2), b. June 19, 1641, Stamford, Conn., d. Feb. 20, 1718-19. Marr., Marty Titherton, Aug. 19, 1665-marr., Abigail Huse, Aug. 1, 1695.

2 Theophilus Sherman (3), b. Oct. 28, 1643, Stamford, Conn., d. Feb. 16, 1711-12, Middletown. Marr., Mary Robbins.

3 Matthew Sherman (4), b. Oct. 24, 1645, Stamford, Conn., d. --- 1698. Marr., Hannah Bulkley.

4 Edmund Sherman (5), b. Dec. 4, 1647, Stamford, Conn., d. --- 1683, marr., Susannah Hardy.

5 "Hon." John Sherman (6) b. Feb. 8, 1650, Stratford, Conn., d. Dec. 13, 1730, Woodbury, Conn. Marr., Elizabeth---. Held important offices in Woodbury, Conn., and New England Colonies.

6 Sarah Sherman (7) b. Feb. 8, 1653-4, d. ---, marr., Josiah Rossiter.

7 Nathaniel Sherman (8) b. Mar. 21, 1656, 7, d. --- marr., Mary Philipenny, June 13, 1680, marr., Abigail Handord 1707.

8 Benjamin Sherman (9) b. Mar. 29, 1662, Stratford, Conn., d. Aug. 29, 1741. Marr., Rebecca Philipenny June 6, 1685. She d. Aug. 5, 1739, age 75.

9 Daniel Sherman (10) b. Apr. 15, 1665, Stratford, Conn., d. --- marr. ---

(9) Benjamin Sherman b. Mar. 29, 1662, Stratford, Conn., d. Aug. 29, 1741. Marr., Rebecca Philipenny June 6, 1685. She d. Aug. 5, 1739, age 75.

- 1 Job Sherman (30) b. Apr. 7, 1690, d.----, marr., Sarah Seeley, lived Newton, Conn. moved to Lanesboro, Mass.
- 2 Nathaniel Sherman (31) b. Dec. 1, 1692, d.----, marr.,-----.
- 3 Enos Sherman (32) b. Apr. 6, 1699, d.----, marrrr.-----.
- 4 Benjamin Sherman (33) b. Jan. 23, 1702, d.----, marr.,-----.
- 5 Samuel Sherman (34) b. Feb. 10, 1705, d.----, marr.-----.
- 6 Timothy Sherman (35) b. Jan. 4, 1709, d. ----, marr.-----.
- 7 James Sherman (36) b. Dec. 16, 1706, d.---, marr.,-----.

(30) Job Sherman b. Apr. 7, 1690, d.-----, marr., Sarah Seeley, lived Newton, Conn. moved to Lanesboro, Mass.

- 1 John Sherman (J-1) b., d., marr.
- 2 (J-2) b., d., marr.
- 3 (J-3) b., d., marr.
- 4 Joel Sherman, (J-4) b. Mar. 25, 1720, d. June 25, 1805. Marr., Ruth., b. 1722, d. Feb. 4, 1810.
- 5 (J-5) b., d., marr.,
- 6 Nathan Sherman (J-6) b. d. marr.
- 7 (J-7) b. d. marr.
- 8 Ephriam Sherman, (J-8), b. d. marr.
- 9 (J-9) b. d. marr.

MARRIAGE RECORDS in Washington County, Ohio:

Eli Sherman, son of Abel 1, marr., Margaret Findley, Oct. 27, 1804
Vol. I Records, compiled by DAR.

Josiah Sherman, son of Abel 1, marr., Polly Brown, Apr. 30, 1798.

Abel Sherman, son of Timothy, marr., Louisa Wells, Nov. 17, 1819.

Abel Sherman, son of Timothy, marr., Margaret Brown, June 1, 1820.

Anna Sherman, daughter of Abel, marr., Jesse Scott, Jan. , 1816.

Curtis Sherman, marr., Lydia Cuddington, Jan. 7, 1815.

William Sherman, marr., Eulda Olney, Dec. 28, 1805.

William Sherman, marr., Rebecca DeLong, July 3, 1810.

Lucy Sherman, widow of Abel 1, marr., John Conrad Shoeman, Sept. 3, 1795.

Clarissa Sherman, marr., Jonathan Duval, Nov. 11, 1794.

Herman Sherman, marr., Catherine Vaughn.

Waitman Sherman, marr., Pamela Lawrence, Nov. 18, 1827.

Lyman Sherman, marr., Maria Sherman, Feb. 5, 1829 (Probably child of Ezra.

Uri (Uriah) Sherman, marr., Mary Scott, May 24, 1832.

Notes: Lawrence and Sherman families were early settlers in Scioto Twp., and Union County.

Wells, Scott, Brown, Cuddington, Findley, Olney and DeLong families all came from Washington Co., Ohio to Delaware Co., and most of them if not all, settled in that part that later became a part of Morrow County.

I visited that Sherman farm and graveyard last Sunday, also the Dunhams of Marengo, Fargo Cemetery and Bloomfield.

(J-4) Joel Sherman, b. Mar. 25, 1720, d. June 25, 1804, marr., Ruthwho was b. 1722, d. Feb. 4, 1810. He was a Charter Member of St. Lukes Episcopal Church of Lanesboro, Mass. He came to Lanesboro, Mass., with his father when he was a small boy. Children:

1--Abel Sherman (J-10) b. 1744, Lanesboro, Mass., d. Aug. 15, 1794 near Beverley, Ohio. Marr., Lucy Foote, b. 1747, d. Mar. 18, 1839, Ohio. He was a soldier in Revolutionary War. Came to Washington Co., Ohio ca 1793. Killed by the Indian "Silverheels". Wife later marr., John Shoeman, Sept. 3, 1795.

2--George Sherman (J-11) b.....d.....marr.....

3--Job Sherman (J-12) b. 1755, d. Aug. 11, 1813, age 85 yrs. Marr., Lois.....b. 1765, d. Dec. 30, 1857. He was Revolutionary War Soldier

4--Timothy Sherman (J-13) b. 1759, Lanesboro, Mass., d. 1820, Washington Co., Ohio. Marr., Polly.... He was Rev. War soldier. Was a fifer in Capt. Ebenezer Newell's Co. He came to Washington Co., Ohio with his brother Abel.

(J-10) Abel Sherman b. 1744, Lanesboro, Mass., d. Aug. 15, 1794 near Beverley, Ohio. Marr., Lucy Foote, b. 1747, d. Mar. 18, 1839, Ohio. He was a soldier in Revolutionary War. Came to Washington Co., Ohio ca 1793. Killed by the Indian "Silverheels". Wife later marr., John Shoeman, Sept. 3, 1795.

1--Ezra Sherman (J-16) b. Lanesboro, Mass, b.....d.....marr..... Came to Ohio with father.

2--Josiah Sherman (J-17) b. 1770, Lanesboro, Mass., d. May 29, 1842, age 72 yrs. Marr., Polly Brown Apr. 30, 1798. Came to Ohio with his father. Later to Muskingum Co. Buried in Marlborough C. He came to Kingston Twp., Delaware Co., Ohio ca 1832.

3--Eli Sherman (J-18) b. Lanesboro, Mass., d...Thornville, Ohio. Marr., Margaret Corwin. Marr., Margaret "Peggy" Findley, marr., Ann Devereaux. Came to Washington Co., Ohio with his father Abel. Later to Muskingum Co., then Licking Co., Ohio.

4--Amy Sherman (J-19)

5--Lucy Sherman (J-20) Marr., Mr. Hollenbeck, marr., David Stevens.

6--Clarissa Sherman (J-21) marr., Jonathan Duvall, marr., Nov. 11, 1794. Marr., Mr. Sullivan.

7--Ann Sherman (J-22) b. May 10, 1769, Mass. d. Feb. 15, 1848, Ohio. Marr., Joseph Devereaux Mar. 30, 1788, b. Sept. 1766, d. Aug. 18, 1841. Lived Alexandria, Ohio.

8--Phoebe Sherman (J-23) b. July 11, 1772, d. Mar. 11, 1864, marr., John Jeffries, Nov. 12, 1788.

9--Amy Sherman (J-23) b. July 22, 1786, d. Aug. 3, 1874, marr., Joseph Beach 1799. He d. Aug. 14, 1855. Lived Coal Run, Ohio.

(J-17) Josiah Sherman b. 1770, Lanesboro, Mass., d. May 29, 1842, age 72 yrs. Marr., Polly Brown Apr. 30, 1798. Came to Ohio with his father. Later to Muskingum Co. Buried in Marlborough C. He came to Kingston Twp., Delaware Co., Ohio ca 1832.

1--Ira Sherman (H-1) b. Dec. 12, 1808, d. Sept. 3, 1873, marr., Jane Nicholas. She is buried in Marlborough C., near Delaware, Ohio.

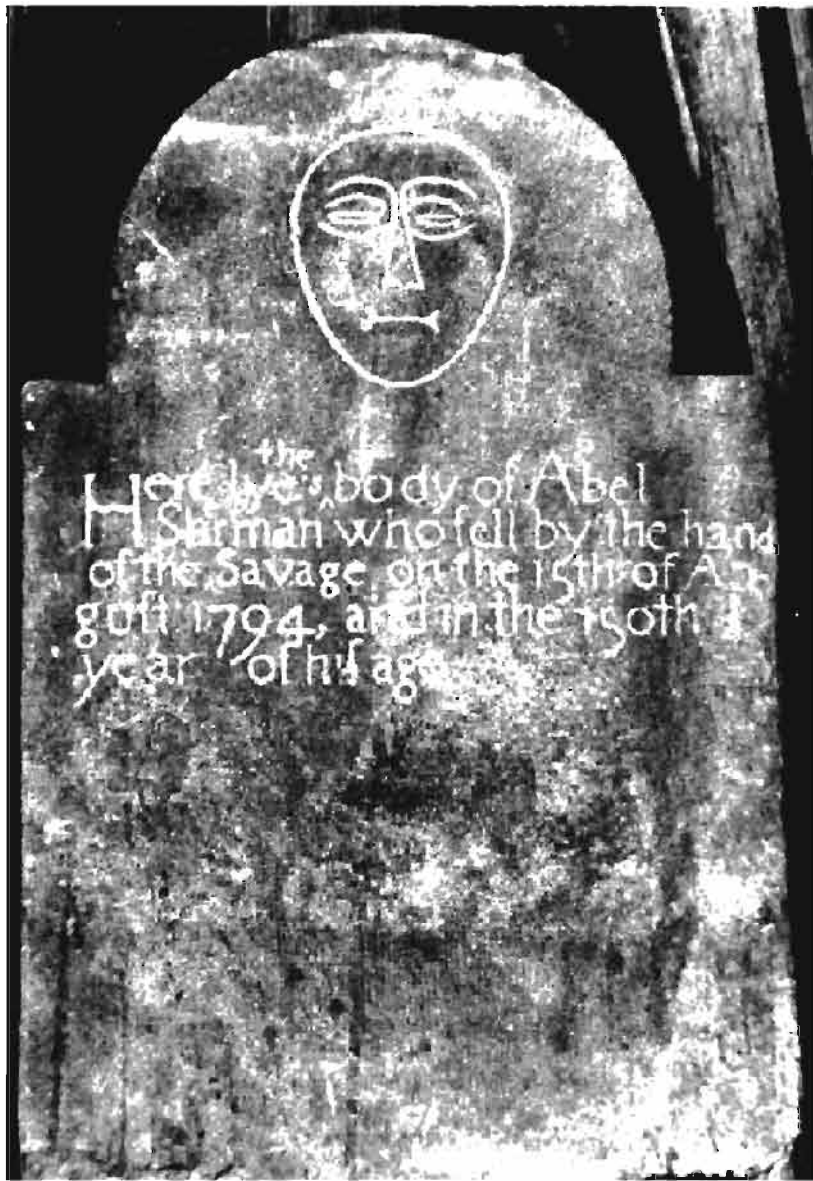
2--Gustavus "Gus" Sherman, (H-2)...marr., Eleanor Nichols. Sept. 10, 1835. Marr., Matilda Gross Apr. 15, 1841.

3--Joel Sherman (H-3) b.....d.....1822 (shot).

4--"Big John" Sherman, (H-4) b.....d.....marr., Martha.....

5--Eli Sherman (H-5) b. Sept. 5, 1807, Ohio. d. May 11, 1881, Delaware. Marr., Rachael Nichols 1829, b. Mar. 29, 1811, d. Aug. 10, 1862, age 54. Marr., Sarah Howard. He lived near Delaware, Ohio. Had a log cabin next to Solomon Dunham.

6--Clarissa Sherman (H-6) b. 1784, d. May 18, 1842, age 58, marr., Amasa Davis, b. 1779 (?) d. Mar. 14, 1844, age 65.



MARIETTA, OHIO, was settled by veterans of the Revolution, the first land gained from the Indians by title. Opening the way West was dangerous, as Abel Sherman's New England style tombstone testifies. One day six years after Marietta's founding, Sherman shouldered his flintlock and set out to look for a cow. As dusk fell, he stopped to gather apples. His son heard two shots, grabbed a gun and ran toward the sound. Under the trees lay Abel Sherman, his shirt bulging with red apples, a redder stain over his heart. A trail of blood in the brush marked the Indian's hiding place. The Ohio River was the Big Road West plied by five deck riverboats with cut glass chandeliers, miles of gleaming brass and sofas of goosedown. Then came the railroad and Progress moved North. Yet even today, a few stern wheelers, twinkling at night like upside down Big Dippers, churn the pioneer waterway.

Coronet



The Eli Sherman log cabin on McMasters Road about 5 miles north east of Delaware, Ohio. His cabin was about a block north of that where Solomon Dunham lived. Solomon married his daughter Mary. Solomon Dunham gave him $\frac{1}{2}$ acre of land, on which this cabin was built. About 1850. Photo by O.L. Rothbone, 1932.

OLIVE GREEN COLONY

Olive Green Creek, one of the principal streams of Morgan Co., empties into the Muskingum River about 2 miles above Beverley. Waterford Twp., Muskingum Co., Ohio. For about one mile up from the Waterford curve, a bold hill of unusual height rises from the eastern bank, presenting to the river a fine cliff of sandstone, shale and limestone. From the summit of this hill a view of unusual beauty is obtained. Above this ridge the river flows through a rich bottom about 2 miles in length. This alluvial belt on the east side is from a quarter to a half mile wide, and is divided into two almost equal parts by Olive Green Creek. In this fertile bottom, which is all included in Olive Green allotment, Ezra Sherman drew lot No. 1; Aaron DeLong, No. 2; Abel Sherman, No. 3; Nicholas Hoyt, No. 4; George Ewing No. 5; Josiah Sherman, No. 6; Matthew Gallant, No. 7; John Coulter, no. 8. These men were all heads of families. Abel Sherman built a block house on DeLong's lot, and the other families built around it and the whole collection of houses were picketed in, thus forming a garrison. The inhabitants of this garrison numbered thirty souls, and one of them, Thos. Ewing, who Ohio remembers as one of her greatest men.

The Sherman family is particularly interesting on account of the melancholy fate of the head of the family. An account of the murder of Abel Sherman will be found in the General Indian History, in this volume. About 1789 the Sherman family, consisting of Abel Sherman and wife, two sons, Ezra and Josiah, and one small daughter, Amy (since married Samuel Beach) removed from Connecticut to Short Creek, Virginia (now West Va.). At a later period probably about 1793, they came to Marietta, Ohio and then to Waterford and remained in Fort Frye until the next spring, when the Olive Green colony was organized and Sherman Station established. The murder of Mr. Sherman occurred Aug. 15, 1794, near a small stream one mile above Beverley, which to this day bears the name of "Dead Man's Run". The body was first buried on his own land, then on his sons, the lot now owned by John Nolton. In 1877, Joseph and Jackson Beach, grandsons, removed the remains to the cemetery at Waterford. The lower jaw bone was found in perfect state of preservation. The teeth were all sound and clear. A peculiarity of the skull, too, seems to confirm a tradition of the death of "Silverheels", a noted Indian warrior, who after the peace lived near a riffle in the Muskingum called Silverheels Riffle. About four years after the peace with the Indians, Silverheels chanced to visit one of the salt furnaces near the settlements and while there inbibed freely of the whiskey offered him. He soon lost his discretion and began to boast of the great things he had done during the late war. He had taken seventeen scalps. One of a man, he said who had two crowns on his head. He had shot him in the evening below the mouth of Olive Green Creek. He made two scalps by carefully dividing it, and received fifty dollars for each. He further related that the man was gathering May apples and had the bosom of his hunting shirt full of them at the time. He described the gun which had been set against a tree while the man was engaged in picking the fruit, as a musket with iron bands around it. He said he had placed it in a hollow log, a few rods up the creek.

The story corresponded so well with the known facts of the tragedy that a son of Mr. Sherman, who happened to be present, was induced to make a search for the gun, which he found near the spot where he had

four years before found the dead body of his father. Silverheels was found a few days after this night's revel lying in a by-path in the woods, pierced by a rifle bullet.

OLIVE GREEN SETTLEMENT—Most of the families of Sherman Station, after the country was cleared and became quiet, sought homes elsewhere. The fertile bottom which they cleared has always been preferred land, and is now in a well improved condition.

The cemetery on the Nolton farm, in which the bodies of a number of pioneers were interred after Sherman's murder, has been abandoned and remains moved to Waterford C.

From the History of Washington Co., Ohio.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE KILLING OF ABEL SHERMAN

Early in Aug. 1794 another atrocity was perpetrated within the limits of the Chic Companys purchase. Abel Sherman, of Olive Green, taking his rifle, went out to search for the cows which had been missing for several days, and which his fellow inmates of the new garrison had been fearful that they had been detained by the Indians to draw them out. Thinking that probably they might have joined the cattle belonging at Fort Frye, or that the rangers there might have seen them in the woods, he directed his steps down the Muskingum to that garrison. He did not arrive until towards sundown, and some of the more prudent settlers tried to persuade him to remain with them until morning, suggesting that the absence of the cows was a sure indication that Indians were in the vicinity, but the old man, regardless of danger, started upon his return. An hour later the inmates of the Olive Green block house heard the report of two guns, and Ezra Sherman, sure that one of them was his father's, and that he had been attacked by the dreaded enemy, took down his rifle from the wall and ran as fast as possible in the direction from which the sound of firing had come. He soon reached the spot..only a quarter of a mile away, upon which the encounter had taken place, and found his father dead, scalped. The body lay in a little patch of May apples, and it was evident that the kind and thoughtful old man had been surprised while gathering some of them to take to the children at the garrison which he was nearing, for the bosom of his hunting shirt was filled with them. The next morning a party of men went up from Fort Frye and buried him near the mouth of the run by which he had fallen, and which to this day is known as "Dead Man's Run". The utmost consternation and grief were caused at Olive Green when young Sherman came in with the news of his father's death. The settlers had all seen much of the horrors of Indian warfare, but this sudden taking off of one of their own small circle produced a deeper impression than any prior event, and made them more keenly alive to the danger. During the few subsequent months they lived in constant fear of attack or the waylaying of some of their numbers.

There is a sequel to the story of the murder of Abel Sherman. In the summer of 1798, when the prosperity of peace was beginning to bless the country, and industrial pursuits had replaced the savage employment of hunting men and beasts, a company of salt makers at work on Salt Creek, in Muskingum Co., was visited by an Indian known as Silverheels, who lived in the vicinity, and was generally regarded as a well-disposed, good-natured child of the forest, and half-pitied as a lingering, lone and melancholy individual of the vanquished race. He had been drinking when he came to the salt maker camp and was there given more of the crazing firewater, under the

influence of which, emerging from his habitual sombre taciturnity he became loquacious and boastful. His tongue ran on fast and excitedly in narration of achievements in the chase, and presently the deeds of prowess and adventure in the war with the whites. The men for the most part listened with idle interest to what they considered the vaporings of vanity, but there was one among them who was strangely thrilled by the narration of an encounter which took place on the Muskingum in the summer of 1794. The narrative fitted nearly all of the details of the killing of Abel Sherman, and the man who was so deeply moved was his son Josiah. As one circumstance after another was mentioned, which the young man knew to be true of the murder of his father, his fury arose almost to the pitch of frenzy. He could with difficulty restrain himself from springing upon the drunken Indian, exultingly dwelling upon his father's death, and slaying him upon the spot, but he reflected that possibly the savage had only known of the circumstances he so graphically detailed from hearing them told by others, and he controlled his passion not even making the slightest remark upon the story which had aroused him. But he was filled with a determination to satisfy his doubts in the matter. He did not relax his stern intention to be executioner should he become sure of Silverheel's guilt, but he resolved first to investigate. The Indian, with tongue loosed by liquor had told how the old man had been shot down while gathering May apples, that the bosom of his hunting shirt was filled with them; remarked upon the peculiar formation of his head (a kind of double crown), which had enabled his slayer to secure a very large scalp, which he said he had divided in two, and obtained fifty dollars for each part at the British post at Detroit and in conclusion said that the gun of the murdered man was placed in a hollow log near the scene of the tragedy. Young Sherman, anxious to obtain the corroborating testimony which the finding of the gun would afford, soon after went to the spot where his father had fallen. There, sure enough, in a hollow log where the murderer had placed it four years previously, was the large, peculiar musket his father had owned. The iron barrel and the lock which still contained the carefully prepared flint, were thickly encrusted with red rust and the stock was so rotten that it broke as it was lifted from its hiding place. The finding of the gun had a strong effect upon Josiah Sherman. He regarded it as proof positive of the truth of the drunken Indian's words, and no longer doubted that the savage had indeed committed the act of which he boasted. Not many days later two hunters traveling the woods came upon the dead body of Silverheels bearing the mark of a rifle ball over the heart.

From History of Washington
County, Ohio by H.Z. Williams
1881

AMY SHERMAN (J-23)

Samuel Beach was a son of John Beach of New Jersey, who served at the opening of the Revolution as a Minute Man, and served at Valley Forge. Samuel Beach purchased a lot near the mouth of Olive Green in 1797, but probably lived in Zanesville some time after that. In 1814 he purchased the old Beach homestead at Coal Run, Ohio, where he lived until his death in 1855. He operated a mill and distillery and was a prominent man in the community.

Mr. Beach, at the age of 17, married Amy Sherman, who was in her 15th year. She was a daughter of Abel Sherman, who was killed during the Indian War. She possessed an accurate memory and a keen appreciation of the romance of life. Her death occurred Aug. 3, 1875. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Beach consisted of five children: Hiram and Joseph, Waterford Township; Mrs. Jane Newton, Noble Co.; Mrs. Eliza Sprague, Missouri; and Jackson Beach of Coal Run, Ohio. NOTE: The above copied from History of Washington Co., Ohio, published in 1881 by Williams.

A LEAF FROM AN ACCOUNT BOOK

The index of E. Cutter's ledger, which was opened at Waterford, Ohio, in 1795 and closed in 1800, gives an approximately accurate list of persons who traded at this point during that period. Then as now all the neighboring settlements made this a center of trade, it is therefore probable that many whose names are given, lived without the present limits of the township; we know some of them did. Attention is called to the peculiar arrangement of names. The fact they stand in alphabetical order with reference to the first name, seems to indicate that people were known more by their Christian than their family name. The index is as follows:

Andrew Webster, Abraham Stevens, Abigail Dye, Andrew Story, Andrew McClure, Amos Harvey, Asa Coburn, Aaron DeLong, Allen Devol, Andrew Waterman, Benjamin Beadle, Benjamin Carter, Benjamin Shaw, Benjamin Dana, Benjamin Rogers, Charles H. Martin, Charles Williams, Charles Coleman, Conrad Sherman, Captain Daniel Davis, Dean Tyler, Daniel Convers, David Wilson, Daniel Walsworth, David Stevens, Daniel McCulloch, David Randal, Daniel Davis Jr, Eben Cony, Ezra Sherman, Eben Sproat (lived in Marietta) Francis Pearce, George Wilson, Gilbert Devol, esq, George Ewing, Hezekiah Davis, Major Haffield White, Ensign John White, Jesse Gibbs, Joseph Pierce, Joseph Parker, Josiah Sherman, Captain James Brown, James Converse, Joseph Frye, Jonas Ward, Jonathan Devol, Joshua Sprage, James Mann, etc.

NOTE: The above copied from History of Washington Co., Ohio, published 1881 by Williams. The above paragraph refers to the settlement in Waterford Township.

The Shermans lived across the river near Beverley, Ohio, but evidently crossed to Waterford to do their trading.

The following information about the Sherman families was copied from the History of Muskingum Co., Ohio, published in 1882.

NOTE: Josiah and Ezra Sherman left Sherman Station near Beverley, Washington Co., Ohio and came up into Muskingum Co., near Duncan's Falls to engage in salt making about 1796 when the salt wells were opened in Salt Creek Township. Eli Sherman also came up into Muskingum Co.

SALT CREEK TOWNSHIP

The first salt well was located near where McNeeley's blacksmith shop now stands. The water was drawn by a sweep pole, and a half barrel for a bucket, at which Mr. Reeve worked many a day. Many of the early settlers were engaged in salt making. After the well just alluded to was dug, another well was opened and a company organized at Waterford, Washington Co., prominent among whom was Ezra Sherman, who brought sixteen iron kettles from Pittsburgh for evaporating the salt water. These two wells created a rivalry of interest for the companies worked them alternately, each a month at a time.

BLUE ROCK TOWNSHIP FORMATION

Dec. 3, 1810 the Commissioners Journal contains the following: "A petition was presented from a number of the inhabitants of the township of Salt Creek praying for a division of the said township of Salt Creek, which was granted and ordered to be recorded by the name of Blue Rock Township, and that a copy of this division be handed to the clerk of the court of Common Pleas."

There seems to have been no record of what territory was taken from Salt Creek Township, and it does not appear what territory constituted Salt Creek Township. Blue Rock Township is bounded on the north by Salt Creek Township; on the south by Morgan County; east by Neigs Township, and west by the Muskingum River. The name of the township was suggested by a blue rock on the west bank of the Muskingum River, at the mouth of Blue Rock Creek.

The first election was held at the house of Lawrence Allwine, just above Grayport, Jan. 6, 1814. The first officers were: Justice of the Peace, Lawrence Allwine and Joseph Smith; Trustees, Eli Sherman, James Larrison and Daniel Boan. The number of votes polled in Blue Rock Township in 1817 was thirty.

SALT CREEK TOWNSHIP

The minutes of the proceedings, dated May 3, 1823, show that Edward Halley, Nathan Frazee and Eli Sherman, Township Trustees, met and appointed Johnson Brewster, Samuel Bliss and Senet Ramey, Supervisors William Howell as Viewer, A Briggs was Town Clerk which position he filled for a number of years succeeding. The date of the first election was not given, but must have been prior to 1822, as Mr. G.P. Crumbaker remembers that John Brewster was a Justice of the Peace in that year. The earliest record of an election is under date of April 5, 1824. At this time A. Briggs was again chosen Town Clerk, as were also Eli Sherman, Nathan Frazee, and Edward Halley for the second time, elected Township Trustee.

NOTE: The above Eli Sherman was a son of Abel Sherman who was killed by Silverheels.

SILVERHEELS

THE STORY OF HIS HECTIC LIFE COMPLETED AS HIS GRAVE IS FOUND
(Son of the man he scalped gets revenge. His boasts gave clue to his identity. By Alice Reiter.)

In the wilds of Morgan Co., Ohio, half way up a steep hill and under a rocky ledge hidden by foliage, lie the bones of the famous Shawnee-White, Silverheels. At the foot of the hill where Olive Green Creek lazes in the sun, sits John O. Roberts peacefully surveying the calm hills and musing on this final chapter of a tragedy that was enacted therein a final chapter that historians did not know, or perhaps did not dare to record. There are many conjectures as to who killed Silverheels and as to where his body was hidden, but J.O. Roberts knows.

How does he know? He was found sitting in the shade of his barn talking to a friend who fussed absentmindedly with a long fishing pole. Seeing that he was being approached by strangers he rose slowly from his bench, and leaning on a heavy staff, peered at us through friendly, quizzical eyes.

The end of the Silverheels tale? Surely, he could tell us. Wouldn't we sit down? Yes, his father had often told him many years ago when they tramped together through the woods, how "Nattie" Chapman and Jesse Scott, his two old friends, had helped Eli Sherman avenge his father's death. A good many years it was since he had last shown him where they hid Silverheel's body. He himself would be 82, Nov. 18, 1935.

Could we write his story for the Columbus Dispatch and have his picture? "ah, pshaw!" he grinned, "what do they want to do with it? Scare the crows out of their cornfields?"

"Well, he resumed, "I 'spect you know the first of it. It's famous in these parts. But they don't tell Indian yarns like they used to. My, oh my! When I was a boy they used to fill us so full of them we were scared to go out in the dark!"

With John Roberts we recalled the known part of the story, set down briefly in Hildreth's history and more in detail in that of H.Z. Williams.

At the time when the Indian war seeped into the Ohio Company Purchase in the form of spasmodic Indian attacks on isolated settlements, early in June 1794, a small war party visited the Waterford settlement in hope of petty plunder, but more especially of scalps, since large sums of money were offered for each by the British.

Following the usual manner of waylaying inhabitants, the Indians stole the settler's cows which during the summer were turned into the woods to graze on the luxuriant growth of pea vine and buffalo clover. Slipping cautiously into the hills they hid the cattle at Olive Green Settlement knowing from experience that the owners would organize a searching party that might be observed without danger and killed from a comfortable ambush.

Among the settlers was Abel Sherman, who, though bereaved of his cow, possessed 50 years and a mind of his own. Against the advice of the other settlers who decided that it was better to have cow in the bush than a scalp off the head, Abel Sherman, gun slung over one shoulder, set out to search for the cows.

Thinking that possibly the cows had wandered to Ft. Frye a little farther down the river and joined the herd there, or if the scouts from that settlement might have heard them crashing through the underbrush, he followed the trail down the Muskingum to that garrison

When he arrived the sun was sinking behind the hills, and the soft blurred light of candles was already flickering in a few windows. But no sign of the cows.

The more cautious settlers urged him not to start out again until morning, reminding him that the strange disappearance of the cattle was a certain sign of Indians. However, regardless of danger, Abel Sherman started on the homeward trail.

An hour passed. The sentinels of the blockhouse heard the report of two guns. Ezra Sherman also heard, took down his rifle from the wall, and ran into the night, for he had recognized the shot from his father's large musket.

Being a stout athletic lad with the keen sense of the woodsman, he soon reached the spot..only a quarter of a mile away..and found his father scalped, a bullet through his heart. The body lay crumpled in a little patch of May apples. The thoughtful old man had evidently been surprised while gathering them to take to the children at the garrison, for his hunting shirt was bulging with the fruit.

When young Sherman walked quietly into the fort and announced that his father lay dead in the woods, slain by the Indians, the settlers were plunged into a turmoil of terror, rage and grief. They had heard much and seen few of the horrors of Indian warfare, but this sudden snuffing out of one of their number hit home. It was a frightened and deeply impressed group that went out from Fort Frye the next morning to bury Abel Sherman by the mouth of the run where he had fallen.

To this day, though many have forgotten why, the stream is known as Sherman's Run or Dead Man's Run.

During the few remaining months of warfare, the settlers moving in constant fear, the grim picture of the Sherman tragedy ever before them. Soon the war was ended, and some of its terrors forgotten. The pioneers ventured from behind their stockades, and where the smoke of the signal fires once curled skyward, the peaceful smudges from the fires of the sugar camps floated lazily into the tree tops.

In the summer of 1798, just four years after the death of Abel Sherman, a group of salt makers sat in such a camp near what was left of Big Bottom after one of the most gruesome massacres of the Indian War. They were not surprised on glancing around to see standing.. silent and aloof the magnificent figure of Silverheels weaving slightly as he watched them at their work through bright expressionless eyes.

He was a familiar figure, often visiting various camps when he grew lonely at his own camp. He had pitched a hut by a riffle in the Muskingum which was, and is still known as Silverheel's Riffle. The settlers were kindly disposed toward him, for he had warned them of an impending massacre, and once at the risk of his life, had rescued Marie Fontanelle from Indian captivity.

An outcast of both the whites and the Shawnees, whose blood mingled in his veins, he was pitied as a lone, melancholy figure that the receding tides of warfare had left stranded on the shore.

Seeing that he evidently wanted more liquor the settlers gave him the run of their flasks. The mask-like rigidity of his face relaxed. Squatting beside them in the wavering glow of the campfire he began to talk in a reminiscent monotone of takes of his past glory as a warrior. His voice grew feverish and excited.

Yes, he was half white, but he was also Shawnee. Seventeen scalps had dried to his credit. He supposed it was really eighteen because one was of a man who had two crowns on his head. He had

shot the old gentleman one evening below the mouth of Olive Green Creek. He had no reason to kill him. He had come suddenly on the white man as he was stuffing May apples into his hunting shirt.

They had both discovered one another at the same time, and both had shot instantly in self-preservation. Yes, he still had a shoulder wound from it. But he got even. He hid the white man's gun, a big musket with queer iron bands, in a hollow log. Then he scalped him, divided the double crown, and got \$50 for each part from the British post in Detroit.

The men around the campfire paid little attention to his guttural boasts, believing them to be the idle delusions of a drunken Indian. But there was one whose fingers twitched to strangle the boasting Indian. It was Eli Sherman, son of Abel Sherman, who had been found scalped at the mouth of that run, four years ago. Not a comment did he make, but the next day he hurried to the run, reached into the hollow log and pulled out his father's gun..rusted, stock rotted off..but still his father's gun.

Silverheels disappeared. Here history stopped.

With a start we tried to reason ourselves back to reality. This was 1935, and we were sitting in the shade of a barn reminiscing with John Roberts, who was reputed to know the true end of the tale. What was the final chapter?

"Well", he said, "my father often told me how Eli Sherman confided in his friends, "Nattie" Chapman and Jesse Scott. They were wild bee hunters who combed the woods for bees and honey to sell at the settlements.

"One day they got their heads together and decided to go on a deer hunt, it turned out to be a man hunt. Silverheels was right proud of his hunting prowess. He was known as the greatest man to stalk deer in these parts. Why, that Redskin could track deer through the leaves better than any white man could run them down in the snow. Yes sir! they had to be pretty slick to catch that old boy. You know, they called him Silverheels because he was so fleet of foot that when he ran, the white buskskin moccasins he always wore flashed like silver in the sun.

"Well, as I was saying, Jesse, Eli and Nathaniel got Silverheels to go hunting. Pretty soon three deer came running over the brow of the hill. The men dropped back, let Silverheels creep ahead. Three shots rang out and Silverheels was dead.

"Then they began to get scared, because after the war, shooting an Indian was murder. So they dragged Silverheels through the brush and carried him across the creek and up yonder hill where they dug under that ledge and hid him.

"They must have buried his gun too, because I dug one up, right near, not so long ago. Yes, sir, I was tramping along with a friend when all of a sudden I whacked my toe on some dern thing sticking out of the leaves. I says 'what the divil did I cut my foot on?' He says, 'why that's a stick.' I says, "that ain't no stick!" and I began digging. Pretty soon I pulled up an old iron gun barrel, just 20 paces from Silverheel's grave..you want to go up there? Sure I'll take you fellers up there. It's quite a piece, but it'll give you an appetite. Here, have a sour apple."

So we started up a grassy lane. "This is a public road, but they don't use it much," he assured us, walking spryly ahead as we

struggled in his wake. "Over there", pointing across the creek and a wooded ravine to a coal-streaked ledge, "is where I dig out my coal. You can pick some wild raspberries there if you like. Only good, fresh off the bush."

Passing through a large old gate we descended into a rolling pasture and sat in the shade of a sycamore tree. "I'm not so chipper as I used to be. Now, if you'll cross the creek and climb that hill," pointing to what seemed a precipice, "near the top you'll find the ledge they hid him under. Nattie Chapman took an awful chance hiding him on his own ground. It belongs to H.H. Welch now. Twenty paces to the right of his grave is where I stubbed my toe on that dang gun."

Once on the top, the climber is rewarded with a scene almost unbelievable in the Ohio of today. He unconsciously talks in hushed tones and avoids stepping on twigs that might crackle, so primeval is the appearance of the rocky crag under which lie the bones of Silverheels. One almost expects to be startled by the dusky face and glittering eyes of a savage peering out among the thick brush.

But there is only the strange hush of unseen life that is the magic of an untouched forest. All that remains to tell the tale of strife is the level, sanded ground sheltered under a lichen-dappled rock faintly damp from a hidden spring. Where the gun was taken there is not now even a perceptible break in the ground.

John O. Roberts, friendly, actively intelligent, chats with occasional callers who are interested in the story that has been handed down to him. The only tangible evidence of the tale are the tombstone of Abel Sherman, recently taken from Waterford C., where his body had been moved, and the gun barrel of Silverheels.

Mr. Roberts has kindly lent the gun barrel to Campus Martius State Memorial Museum at Marietta, Ohio. The tombstone is also a recent acquisition of the Museum, which encloses the Rufus Putnam house, the one remaining structure of the Garrison Campus Martius. The Museum is state owned and operated under the direction of H.H. Shetrone, director of the Ohio State museum, and of the Ohio State Archeological and Historic Society, of which Arthur C. Johnston is president.

NOTE: The hand made carpenter's plane which Abel Sherman brought with him over the mountains and used in the construction of Sherman Station near Beverley, Ohio, and handed down to his grandson Eli Sherman of Delaware, Ohio, and by him to his grandson Victor Sherman, and by him to Ora L. Rothbone of Wayne, Mich., was donated to the museum in 1958. It was made of black walnut and was used by Eli Sherman in the construction of his log cabin near Delaware, Ohio, also.

About all I can remember about Eli Sherman, my father's grandfather, is what, as a youth, I heard my grandfather tell. He said he was a dead shot with a rifle and preferred keeping the family in meat by its use. A sport he enjoyed was shooting matches, where plenty of whiskey, which was cheap then, was served. When the spirits made everyone happy and careless, one of the crowd would stand 25 to 50 yards away with a tin cup on his head and allow another to shoot it off. This was done with never a miss or mishap. The tin cup was the only loss which was important at that time.

When the family needed meat Eli would be missing for a day or so and then return with a deer. If venison was scarce a half dozen or

dozen squirrels could be had in a few hours.

He was not fond of farm work, and the boys had that to do, and they raised most of their needs, no rationing and income tax to worry about. (By John Sherman (E-19) Columbus, Ohio.)

The Eli Sherman referred to above was a son of Abel Sherman. He was born probably in Lanesboro, Mass., and came to Muskingum Co., Ohio with his father Abel. He later moved to Alexandria, Ohio and later to near Thornville, Ohio, where he died.

ELI SHERMAN (J-18)

The following is taken from History of Muskingum Co., Ohio.

METHODISM

The history of evangelism reveals the fact, that about the time the pioneer was reckoned an interger of new settlement, that settlement was visited by a Methodist preacher.

The ME Church at Mansord, in Salt Creek Township, as early as 1812, was visited by Rev. James Watts. He preached at this point and formed a class; in 1818 Thomas A. Morris preached at Eli Shermans, about 2 miles west of the present meeting house. The class consisted of Eli Sherman, Margaret Sherman, Mrs. Frazier, Levi Reeve, Sarah Reeve, John A. Granstaff, Bathsheba Granstaff, Jacob McLain, and Elizabeth McLain.

Sugar Grove ME Church had its inception in the class which met at John Grandstaff's (Granstaff) house in 1817. Prominent among those who met there were Levi Reeves and wife, John Grandstaff and wife, Eli Sherman and wife, Jacob McLain and wife, Jacob Lindsay and wife. In 1826 this class numbered 80 members, perhaps the largest class that ever assembled in that capacity, and too large for the house, so they divided into classes of forty members each; one continued to meet in the same house with John Ward as class leader; the other, met at the house of Jacob McLean, in Salt Creek Township, with Eli Sherman as class leader. The pastors were Rev. Levi Reeves and old Father Carina of Wayne Township. "The circuit rider at the time was Rev. Morris, afterwards a Bishop." The result of these two classes was the formation of the Sugar Grove ME Church in Salt Creek Township, Muskingum County.

The Radical Methodist Church was the third church formed in the township of Blue Rock, and was located on land owned by William Betts. The prominent members were William Betts and wife, Dr. Coverdale and wife, Margaret Barber and daughter, Peter Clapper and wife, Hiram Sherman and wife, Henry Crawford and wife, and Elizabeth Gibbons. Dr. Coverdale was an exhorter and William Betts was class leader. The church was moved to a site on Henry Crawford's land and a good frame church erected. This house is there yet (as of 1882).

ELI SHERMAN (J-18)

Born in Lanesboro, Mass., about 1772, d. in Thornville, Ohio, and marr., Margaret "Peggy" Findley Oct. 27, 1804, Washington Co., Ohio. 2nd marr., Margaret Corwin. Came to Washington Co., Ohio with father Abel about 1793. Was living at Sherman Station when father was killed. Removed to Muskingum Co., then later to Alexandria, Ohio then to Thornville, Ohio. Was active in church work and a Methodist.

- 1 Davis Sherman (E-2) b....d....marr., Rebecca...., went to Beloit, Wis.
 - 2 James Sherman (E-3) b...d...went to Kansas.
 - 3 John Sherman (E-4) b. Mar. 5, 1819, Muskingum Co., d. Aug. 21, 1898. Marr., Elizabeth (Hooper) Watson, Feb. 28, 1844. Lived near Duncan Falls when a boy. Later at Alexandria, Ohio. Was a strong Methodist. To Perry Co., 1845.
 - 4 Lois Sherman (E-5) b..d...marr., Henry Hatfield, Millerspot, Ohio.
-
- 1 Henry Sherman (E-6)
 - 1 David Henry (E-10) b. Mar. 24, 1845, LickingCo., d. Aug. 9, 1923, marr., Clara Cooper, b. Dec. 15, 1845, d. June 16, 1931. He was a soldier in the Civil War.
 - 2 Harriet Sherman, (E-11) b. Nov. 11, 1847, d. May 30, 1849. Buried Alexandria, Ohio.
 - 3 Martha Sherman "Mattie" (E-12) b. Dec. 3, 1856, d. Aug. 28, 1872.
 - 4 d.y.
 - 5 d.y.
-
- 1 Eli Hatfield (E-13) b.....d..... marr., Mary Marr., AddiedWas Civil War Vetern, lived Columbus, Ohio and Pataskala, Ohio.
 - 2 Joseph Hatfield (E-14) b.....d. June 2, 1937 age 89. Marr., Lydia Moore, Glenford, Ohio.
 - 3 Anna Hatfield (E-15).
 - 4 John Hatfield (E-16).
 - 5 William Hatfield (E-17).
-
- 1 Grace Sherman (E-80) b.....d....., Marr....
-
- 1 Francis Sherman (E-18) b. Nov. 11, 1868, d. Dec. 17, 1938, marr., Mary B. Kindle.
 - 2 John B. Sherman (E-19) b. Mar. 30, 1870, d.....,marr., Carrie L. Puller, Oct. 2. 1902. Live 2450 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio. I visited them (O.L.R.)
 - 3 Alice H. (E-20) b. Oct. 3, 1872, d. May 23, 1921. Marr., W.H. Boganwright, Aug. 22, 1899.
 - 4 Thomas Arthur (E-21) b. Apr. 24, 1874, d....., marr., Olive McCandlish.
 - 5 Sarah Stella (E-22) b. Feb. 21, 1876, d. Aug. 7, 1933, marr., Dr. Frank R. Clemson, Oct. 2, 1900.
 - 6 Ruth Faye (E-23) b. Feb. 14, 1878, d....., marr., Wm. A. Hite, Thornville, Ohio.



Eli Sherman, son of Abel
Sherman who was killed by
the Indian Silverheels
Eli Sherman, b. about 1772
in Lanesboro, Mass., d. in
Thornville, Ohio.

A BUSICK SUMMARY

- 1-1 John and James Busick came from England in 1634. Both were married in Baltimore, Md., and reared many sons and daughters.
- 2-1 Ezra was son of John Busick, who marr., Pheobe, a tall, Pennsylvania Dutch girl with big feet and from this heritage believes comes the magnificent physiques also the big feet of this Busick clan. Ezra had 3 sons who built wagons, oxen yokes, anything of wood. One of these sons must have been Benjamin Busick as is listed on these pages.
- 3-1 Benjamin Busick who d. in Ohio in 1845 and father of:
- 4-1 John Busick, b. 1808, d. 1856 near Greenup, Ill. Of 4-1, John Busick of his brothers and sisters all that is known is 4-2 Ann Busick marr., Mr. Garrett. They have a child buried in old Bright Cem., northwest of Greenup, Ill. Possibly others of this family are buried there, but this is an old cemetery and is abandoned and has gone back to the forest and only the Garrett child's stone was found.
- 4-3 Susan Busick, marr., 1st Joe Young, who d. soon after. 2nd marr., was to George Pennington. Both these women were active in the Cottonwood Methodist Church.
- 4-4 Amiel Busick-never marr.
- 4-5 George Busick, marr., Eliza Byers, lived always near Olney, Ill.
- 4-6 Leah Busick, marr., Mr. Madden. No more known.
- 4-7 Allen Busick, marr., near Charleston, Ill. Has descendants yet there.
- 4-1 John Busick, b. 1808, marr., Mary Bowdre, b. 1811 in Tenn. Marr., in 1828. They came to Cumberland Co., Ill., ca 1850, settling in the area south of the Cottonwood Church ca 6 miles northeast of Toledo. They lived on a road from Cottonwood angling down to Greenup that was called The Delaware Road, because so many folks lived on it that came from Delaware Co., O. These folks were all known to each other that had settled in that area and were very clannish. All endowed with a fascinating background. John and Mary Busick had 11 children, only 6 living to adulthood. Children: probably not in order.
- 5-1 Catherine Busick
- 5-2 Louisa Busick
- 5-7 John Wesley Busick
- 5-9 Samuel Lycergus, called "Kerg", b. 1845, d. 1915.
- 5-10 James Arthur Busick, b. 1846, d. 1875
- 5-11 Melana Charlotte, b. near Greenup, Ill., 1854. Her father d. when she was 2 years old. She d. 1927 or 8.

DESCENDANTS OF THE BUSICK FAMILY

by
Ida Busick Kibele

GREAT GRANDFATHER-Benjamin Busick, d. in 1845. Buried in Bel-fountain, Ohio.

GRANDPARENTS- Samuel Lycurgus Busick, called "Kerg", b. Marysville, Ohio, 1844. D. at Bement, Ill., 1915. Buried in Antioch Cem., north of Atwood, Ill. Harriett (Watkins) Busick, b. in Wootenbasset, England, 1846. D. at Bement, Ill., 1919. Buried Antioch Cem. Children: All b. on the Busick farm, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles southeast of Bement, Ill.

3-1 Fanny (Busick) Lindsey

1-Virgil Bettner-His children: 1 Russell 2 Eugene

2-Charles Young-His Children: 1 Gene Allen

3-2 Ella (Busick) Fox, mother of 5 children:

1 Josephine (Rickets) Carlson-2 children:

1 Louis 2 Wayne

2 Ida (Rickets) Landburg. Children:

1 Phyllis 2 Glendon Cass

3 Ira Rickets-4 children: Alice, Alma, Calvin and Helen

4 Bert Fox, Children: Robert and Kenneth

5 Violet (Fox) Johnson, Children: Lester and James.

3-3 Emma (Busick) Roach, Child: Wayne who drowned.

3-4 Ida (Busick) Rogers Kibele- Busick Family Historian

Child: John Elmer Rogers, d. June 13, 1906 at Atwood, Il.

3-5 Louise (Busick) Groves. No Children.

3-6 Mary Alice (Busick) Sunderland. Children:

1 Ruth

2 Harold children: Francis and William

3-7 Olive (Busick) Miller, Child: Marjorie

3-8 Edgar Busick. Children:

1 Edna (Busick) McHenry mother of 1 child, Jack

2 Zelma

3-9 Pearl (Busick) Carpenter, mother of 3 children

1 Rolla Starbuck, father of 2 children, Mary Francis and Rolla Jr.

2 Macy (Starbuck) Brown, 2 children, Meltreatha & Katherine

3 Lycurgus Starbuck, no children.

3-10 James Busick, father of 1 child, lives in Bement, Ill.

1 Ruby

HISTORY OF THE BUSICK FAMILY

Compiled and collected by

Ida M. Kibele

of Atwood, Illinois

I am trying to do what my sister, Mary Alice Sunderland, started. On account of failing health she could not complete the undertaking. After gathering much information in regard to our ancestors she passed away of cancer Feb. 14, 1928 in Bement, Ill.

It was her request that I finish the work she had begun and if I should fail to finish it, it is my request that some of the younger generation begin where I have left off, as we have some very talented, educated young people in the family both by blood and marriage.

About the middle of the 16th century 2 brothers, John and James Busick arrived in Baltimore, Md., from England. They are supposed to be English although the name is Polish. But it has been so man-handled that it has almost lost its origin. The original was BUZICK which has been followed by Busick, Busic and Bussey. I know 2 brothers, one of whom spells his name Buzick and the other spells his name Busic. My father spelled his name BUSICK.

The original Buzick brothers became merchants in Baltimore, buying wool, hides and tallow, walking or carrying it on horses or back of men. They were in partnership at first, but finally went into separate businesses. John had a tan yard and manufactured leather goods. In order to keep their businesses from being confused, John supplanted the Z in his name with an S and we are descendants of JOHN. They both married in Baltimore and reared many sons and daughters. James has many descendants in Baltimore at the present day. But the sons of John became leather workers and went from house to house making shoes for the families who could afford such luxuries in those early days. One son, Ezra, would go to Pa., and make shoes for the Holland Dutch settlement. One family named Dubrach, had a daughter, Phoebe, who was very tall and had big feet. Ezra married her, so it is no mystery where the height and big feet come from in the later generations, for I believe them to be the result of this union. Most of the later generations of Busicks of this family were very tall.

But shoemaking did not prove very profitable in a Holland Dutch settlement where wooden shoes predominated, so this couple settled near Columbus, Ohio, where he made leather goods, harness etc., and it is said that this is where the leather spring was invented; that the Busick leather workers invented it, but I don't suppose they ever received a patent in those days.

These people were the parents of 3 sons who made wagons and oxen yokes and also wooden machinery for farmers, such as plows and wagons with solid wheels. This business was conducted in Columbus, Ohio. (One of these sons must have had a son Benjamin as Benjamin is listed as father of John.)

4-1 John Busick--of my grandfather's blood brothers and sisters I know of as follows: John, our grandfather; Ann Garrett; Susan Pennington; Amiel; George; Allen, a pioneer school teacher who taught subscription school in Coles Co., Ill., and was noted for the use of the whip in the school room. This was about 1860.

4-2 Ann Garrett lived near Mattoon, Ill. She was the mother of Rebecca, Matilda and William, who are all dead but William.

4-3 Susan Busick marr., Joe Young. He died two years after marriage. One son was born to this union named Joseph who lost an arm when about 8 years of age by falling out of a tree. He was educated as a lawyer. Susan again marr., a George Pennington, a very wealthy farmer near Greenup, Ill., and to this union were born Sam, Frank and 2 other sons who died in young manhood from smallpox. One daughter, Mary, of this family, still survives at the age of 88.

4-4 Amiel, I believe, died a bachelor.

4-5 George marr., Eliza Byers and seems to have lived always near Olney, Ill. His wife Eliza is buried at Fort Morgan, Co. where she went to reside after the death of her husband. He was the father of several children. To my knowledge they were: Mathias, William, David, Leah, Edward. William was a foundry owner in Fort Morgan, Co., with whom I once had the pleasure of visiting in his home. His wife was Margaret Hughes and they are the parents of several sons and 2 daughters.

4-6 Leah marr., a Mr. Madden .. my information is very meager of this family.

4-7 Allen marr., near Charleston, Ill., and some of his descendants are still living there.

Of the 19 half-brothers and sisters I know nothing except that one, Leah, was the wife of Judge Tipton of Bloomington, Ill.

4-1 John Busick, my grandfather, was b. near Columbus, Ohio, in 1808. In 1811 Mary Bowdre was b. at Nashville, Tenn. In 1828 she and John Busick were marr., in Madison Co., O., where she was a young school teacher. She often told of her school teaching in Maryland, where she came from to teach a subscription school. She went to Maryland because the teacher got \$6 per month and boarded around with the parents of the pupils. Her father was an officer in the army in the Revolutionary War. Her half brother was Governor Courtland of Ohio, when it was a territory.

John and Mary Busick were the parents of 11 children. Only 6 grew to adults. The following will tell of the great sorrow she had in the tragic death of most of her 6 children. My father and Melana being the only ones of her 6 children who died natural deaths at home with loved ones. My grandmother was one of the most beautiful Christian characters the world has ever produced--she was always doing something for the good of others.

5-11 Melana Charlotte Busick, dau., of John and Mary Busick was b. at Greenup, Ill., in 1854. Her father died when she was 2 years old. She grew to womanhood in the home of her brother Samuel L. Busick and was a school teacher in her girlhood days. In 1875 she was marr., to the Rev. E.E. England, a resident of Newman, Ill. He was a circuit rider preacher of the U.B. Church. They lived in many different places while he was a pastor, but spent about 30 years on a Kansas farm near Jetmore. Two sons, Otis and Balfour were born to this union. Both on the same day in Aug., but 9 years apart. Otis was b. in Olney, Ill., and Balfour was b. at the ranch in Kansas. They sold the ranch and lived in Covington, Tn., for a short time. They then sold the Tennessee farm and moved to Sullivan, Mo., where they owned a farm. While on this farm they lost the home and all the furniture by fire. At this time they were both quite aged and broken in health and finances, so they went to Kansas to live with their oldest son, Otis. After residing some time in Kansas they came to California, where Mrs. England had a number of nieces living. They were followed by Balfour. In 1925 Otis and family also came to California. After residing in California for about 3 years her health began to fail and after about 4 months confinement to her bed she passed away at the age of 74 at the home of her son Balfour in Eagle Rock, Ca. She rests in Forest Lawn, Glendale, Ca. Mr. England is still living at the age of 88 in the home of Balfour at Eagle Rock. Otis England, son of Melana and E.E. England, marr., Maggie Rolph of Tn., and became the parents of 6 children. Virginia the eldest is marr., to Carl Grant and live in Riverside, Ca., where her husband has a metal work business. They have 2 daughters. Bertha is the wife of Ralph Love, a sign painter, and lives in L.A. They have 1 daughter. Eunice is an ordained minister as is also her father and sister Bertha. A great sorrow came to Mr. and Mrs. Otis England in the accidental drowning of their son George, age 14, in an abandoned reservoir near Vista, Ca. He is buried at Oceanside, Ca. Otis and , the baby are still at home.

Balfour England, the youngest son of Melana and E.E. England, marr., May Miller, a young widow of St. Louis, Mo. To this union one son, Kemit was born. She is a vocalist in the Christian Science Church of Eagle Rock, Ca. Balfour is a brick mason by trade. They own their own home and reside in Eagle Rock, Ca.

5-1 Catherine, daughter of John and Mary Busick, died young. Marr., Isaiah Wells, a widower with a small daughter. Catherine became the mother of Nelson and Ruth. In 1849 Mr. Wells was struck with the California gold fever and took his family to California by ox team. The young wife became home sick and longed for her mother and Illinois but her husband, being very successful in digging gold did not wish to go back. So he furnished a wagon, oxen and supplies and hired a family to bring his wife and children back to Charleston, Ill., to her mother. This family turned out to be untrustworthy. His wife fell ill on the way back and died at Stockton, Mo., where she was buried. They brought her two children to her mother but gave the child of the first wife away. These people kept the wagon and team. In about 2 years Mr. Wells returned laden with

gold but his greatest treasure was not there. It was only then he learned of the tragedy of his family. He found his child later on and she married a man named Good near Charleston, Ill. Ruth Wells lived to be 18 years old and then died of inflammation of the bowels. She is buried near Terre Haute, Ind. Nelson, her brother lived to quite an old age. He became the father of 5 children. Nelson was a farmer near Terre Haute, but was killed in a train wreck when he was riding only a few miles. He is also buried near Terre Haute.

5-2 Louise, daughter of John and Mary Busick, at 18 years of age married Marvin Holden at Charleston, Ill. His occupation is not known and why he was away when his young wife was to become a mother is not known but she gave birth to a child and died alone in a small log cabin in the woods, miles from anyone, as Illinois was yet very primitive country. One child, Alphas Gremlin Holden, lived to be 67 years old. He was killed in a coal mine near Travers, Canada, although he was not a miner, but a farmer. He, with two neighbors went to this mine to get coal. It seemed to be a mine which the homesteaders had made for themselves. His body was never recovered. In 1878 he was married to Marium Lehigh at Atwood, Ill. They were the parents of 7 children: Maggie Baughman of Zonachtee, Wash., Orpha Patrick of Iowa. Campsa Bonner of Iowa. Sherman who is blind since 12 years of age, is in a blind institution in Canada. Clyde and Herman live in Wash., Alta is in Canada.

5-7 John Wesley Busick, son of John and Mary Busick, was b. around 1840 or 1842. He was a Civil War soldier and remained single. He was the support of his aged, widowed mother who drew a government pension after his death. He served 3 years in the Army and then died of measles contracted through exposure. He is buried in the National Cem., in Mound City, Ill. He, my father, and James Arthur who was only 14 years old at the time of his enlistment, were all soldiers in the Civil War.

5-9 Samuel Lycurgus Busick, son of John and Mary Busick, was a farmer. He was b. Madison Co., Ohio, in 1844. The 3 above named were all older than he but I do not know their birth dates, but they were all born in Ohio. My father "Kerg" as they called him, was of powerful physique; 6' 2" in height and weighed 230 pounds. He was a farmer but held many county offices and studied law. People came for many miles around to get his advice on many questions. He settled four and one half miles southeast of Bement, Ill., where the nearest neighbor was at Ivesdale, 5 miles away to the east and the Gregory farm, now owned by the Martins, was about 7 miles to the south. In those days the country was mostly swamps with no roads. It continued that way for several years. Father believed it could be drained, so he began to get the people together and talked of a drainage district. But he had a very hard time convincing the people that the plan was feasible. They were apprehensive that it would cost too much and that they would lose their farms. This district covered a territory about 16 miles long and 6 miles wide. After working for 20 years and after many court actions he finally got a petition that went through without error. But many

contested it and he was threatened and waylaid and even shot at. The people were strongly opposed to this project of an artificial canal for draining the swamps. The contract to build this canal was let to Pollard, Godd and Rogers in 1887. They dug the canal through Lake Fork near Ivesdale to Atwood, Ill., a distance of 16 miles. It was done with a dredge and is 60 feet wide and 15 feet deep. It drains thousands of acres of rich land which was worthless before the construction of this canal. It is known as the Lake Fork ditch. It also eliminated the breeding place for millions of mosquitoes which had caused many deaths among the settlers as a result of the spread of malaria fever. This reclaimed land became the richest in central Illinois. All through this country are fine homes and farms. Concrete roads run through what used to be swamps. I can remember of swimming a horse between home and school, a mile away, where hard roads now take the place of mud.

This Piatt Co., was a very unhealthy place to live in. Lake Fork was seldom dry and often overflowed, taking crops that were ready for harvest. Many people became ill of malaria, chills and fever, and many of the early settlers died of these diseases. This land was valued at \$10 per acre before it was drained. During the World War it was selling around \$300 and \$400 per acre. Just before the World War it was selling around \$200 per acre. Much of the land in central and eastern Illinois was practically worthless until it was dredged out after which it became valuable and productive.

My father was a very early settler and acquired several hundred acres of Piatt Co., land most of which is still in our possession. All the years of my father's life he lived 4 miles southeast of Bement, Ill., on the farm. He died very suddenly on the morning of April 16, 1915, at the age of 74. A boy had backed an automobile out of the garage a few days before knocking my father down and running over his legs. But the doctor said death was caused from a heart attack. He got his wish to go suddenly when death came. I had often heard him express this wish.

He married Harriet Watkins of Wootenbasset, England in 1862. They were the parents of ten children, whose biographies will follow. Harriet Watkins, my mother, was the daughter of James Watkins and Esther Hunt, and was born at Wootenbasset, England, near London in 1846. She, with her parents, about 1858, came to America in a sailing vessel named the "Silas Jones". They were 6 weeks on the ocean and landed at Castle Garden, N.Y.

My grandfather had preceded his family by 5 years, to the United States and had a farm and home in readiness at Mattoon, Ill., where they always resided. He returned to England for his family. My grandfather had the first flour mill in Mattoon which burned at a great loss to him.

Of my mother's brothers and sisters, two are still living: Ellen Sutton of Humbolt, Ill., and Fred Watkins of Eagle Rock, California.

When very young my mother married my father in 1862, very much to the dis pleasure of her parents. They came to live in Piatt Co. When the Civil War called for volunteers he enlisted in the 54th Illinois Volunteers. He left my mother and oldest

sister, a baby, with his mother and answered his country's call. He was never disabled but in the last years of his life he received a pension.

It was a hard life for my mother in this prairie country where the women did the work of men. My mother was a woman of rare beauty and petite but applied herself well as the wife of a farmer. She had been reared in luxury and until she was married never knew what it was to work, not knowing the hardships of pioneer life. Father often gave her credit for success he gained in many things. She still lived on the home farm after father died, but she died at the home of my oldest sister, Mrs. Francis Lindsey, on an adjoining farm, where she had come to visit and was never able to return to her own home. As nurses, Francis and myself, gave her all the tender care we could but she passed away June 13, 1919. She is buried beside her husband at the Antioch Church north of Atwood, Ill. She bore 11 children, one dying in infancy and 10 growing to maturity as follows.

3-1 Frances Busick was b. at Bourbon, Ill., in 1863 being the oldest child of the family. At the age of 16 she marr., John Bettner, of Ind. One son Virgil who is a mechanic in Los Angeles, Ca. He married Osie Yelick and is the father of 2 sons, Russell and Eugene. Russell is a graduate of the Indianapolis, Ind. H.S., and works as a printer. Eugene is still in high school in Ca. In 1889 she marr., the 2nd time to William Young of Bement, Ill., he being of German parentage. He was a mechanical engineer and much of his labor still marks Piatt, Douglas and Edgar Counties, Ill., where he piloted dredges that drained the land. After a few years Mr. Young bought a farm near Bement and became very successful. He was a man of fine physique and of a pleasing personality. He stood 6 feet and weighed 190 lbs. He was stricken with paralysis and died age 42 years on Jan. 21, 1906, after an illness of 3 weeks, and is buried in the Bement Cem. To this union one son was born, Charles Raymond, who was 6 years old at the time of his father's death. He and his mother continued to live on the farm, though Charles was never interested in farming but all his interest centered in radio wireless and he attended a wireless school in Valparaiso, Ind., from which he graduated in 1916 at the age of 16. He became an operator and traveled to foreign countries on vessels carrying wireless operators. Japan, China and South America were some of the countries visited. He was the youngest operator in the U.S., at that time, but quit wireless and took up radio work and is now in L.A., Ca., where he is a technician on radio station KYZ. On June --, 1929 he marr., Wilma Bradley, daughter of Earl Bradley of Findlay, Ill. They now reside in Glendale, Ca., and have 1 son, Jean Allen who was b. Sept. 10, 1930. This baby is the latest addition to the family history.

As time went on Mrs. Young (Frances Busick) became the owner of an automobile. One morning to our surprise the auto was missing. I was visiting there at the time, so we called the sheriff, Mr. George A. Lindsley, who came out and looked over the premises and also the widow and said he would try and locate the stolen car. So in a few weeks the car was located at Madisonville, Ky. Mrs. Young and Charles went by train and met Mr.

Lindsley in Ky., recovering the car and drove back to Ill., bringing the boy who took the car with them. After that Sheriff Lindsley became a frequent visitor to the Young home till on Jan. 10, 1917 when they were married in St. Louis. They then went to reside in Monticello, Ill., where Mr. Lindsley was still sheriff. Mr. Lindsley was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was custodian of the County Farm for many years and served Piatt Co., 3 terms as Sheriff. They now live on a farm.

3-2 Sarah Ella Busick, child of Samuel and Harriett Busick. She was b. near Bement, Ill., in 1865 and spent her girlhood days in her parents home. About 1884 she was married to Charles Ricketts of Indiana. 3 children were born: Josephine, Ida and Ira. The family moved to Minnesota about 1894 where the children grew up. Josephine, a young mother of 2 sons, died during the influenza epidemic of 1918. She was marr., to a Mr. Carlston. Ida marr., Phillip Gass and is the mother of 2 children; Glendon and Phyllis. Phyllis is a stenographer in L.A., Ca. Ida Ricketts Gass again marr., William Landberg, a native of Sweden. He was a World War soldier and is at present a letter carrier in L.A. Ira, the son, married (wife's name unknown) and is the father of 5 children. He was a police sergeant and private detective in Duluth, Mn., for 25 years, but was stricken with paralysis and died in March 1929. He is buried in Duluth. I do not know much about this family as I never saw them.

Sarah Ella Busick 2nd marriage was to George Fox. 2 children born to this union: Delbert, a mechanic of Milwaukee, Wis., is marr., and has 2 boys. Violet, the wife of Herman Johnson of Tracy, Mn., has 2 sons.

3-3 Emma Busick, b. Bement, Ill., in 1868. She was marr., while quite young to William J. Roach of Canada, who was of Irish descent. Mr. Roach was an engineer on a canal being cut to drain this country. He still continued working as an engineer. He went to New Orleans, La., where he was employed by the state for many years as levee inspector until his health failed when he moved to Eagle Rock, Ca., where he passed away on Dec. 11., 1928. He is buried in Forest Lawn at Glendale, Ca. Emma was a woman of possessing personality and unlimited energy. She became a tireless worker for woman suffrage and did much to help that cause. She was sent as a delegate to Washington, Baltimore and many other cities to sponsor the cause. After moving to Ca., she turned her attention to real estate and has been very successful financially. At present she, a widow, lives in Eagle Rock, Ca. No children.

3-4 Ida May Busick, b. near Bement, Ill., 1870. Nothing very eventful in the life of a young girl in those days, only as we so far had no boys in the family we girls had each our share of farm work to do. At the age of 20 she marr., John T. Rogers of Manito, Ill., also an engineer who worked the same profession until he received an injury that caused his death. A misplaced lever flew back striking him in the chest. The blow was so severe that it caused a hemorrhage. This happened in Feb. 1904, and he passed on Aug. 24, 1904. He is buried in Harshbarger Cem., north of Atwood, Ill. One son Elmer was born to this

union. He passed on at the age of 14 years. He was a pupil of Atwood H.S. He had finished the first year work. He died very suddenly on June 13, 1906. Mrs. Ida Rogers was in business many years in Atwood, Ill., in dressmaking and millinery. In 1908 she marr., Eugene Kibele, a widower with 2 daughters. Mr. Kibele was in the manufacturing business and was very successful as he was a master mechanic. He manufactured engines for battle ships during the World War. They lived in many states, N.Y., Tn., Tx., and others. Mr. Kibele died in San Antonio, Tx., Oct. 9, 1928. Mrs. Kibele moved to Ca., where she resides at the present time.

3-5 Louisa Jane Busick, b. 1872. When she was 3 years of age she was stricken with paralysis and has always been a cripple, never using her left hand, but in other ways was in good health. Her life was very quiet and she never left her father's farm. Her father, in his will, made ample provisions for her keep, leaving the old home farm and all house furnishings for her support after her mother's death. With her mother's approval she marr., Edward Groves and they reside on the home farm which at her death is to be returned to the other heirs.

3-6 Mary Alice Busick, b. near Bement, Ill. When very young she was marr., to William Sunderland, a farmer and a native of Ohio. Two children were born to this union. Ruth, dying in infancy, and Harold, b. in 1900. He is tall, being six ft., and 3 in. tall. He marr., Freda Harshbarger and they had two children. Harold and his wife are both school teachers. Mary Alice Sunderland died in Bement, Ill., on Feb. 14, 1928. She died of cancer after a lingering illness and many operations, the first of the family of children to pass on. She is buried in Harshbarger Cem., north of Atwood, Ill.

3-7 Lilly Olive Busick, was b. the farm near Bement, Ill. With the anxiety my father had for a son, 7 girls came in advance of a boy. She marr., George Miller of Sullivan, Ill. They lived in the state of Wash., for many years where they had a large sheep ranch. Life was lonely in a new country for a young girl so she employed herself in school teaching while husband conducted the sheep ranch. One daughter was b. to this union, Marjorie May, a bright charming girl, who stood at the head of her class and won the scholarship at Charleston, Ill., but too much study undermined her health and doctor advised a change to Ca., which she and her mother made, but she d. in Fresno, Ca., at the age of 18 years and is buried near Sullivan, Ill.

3-8 Edward Elisha Busick, 1st son of Samuel and Harriet Busick. A joy to his father, a boy, which he had long hoped for. Nothing eventful happened in his life. He grew to manhood in the same community, married Bessie Dick, a daughter of a farmer, 2 daughters born to this union. Edna, a teacher, now the wife of John McHenry, a farmer. Edna is now the mother of a son, Jack. Zelma, now in Danville, Ill., is a graduate nurse.

3-9 Iva Pearl Busick, b. 1884. When very young she married Seth Starbuck, an orphan boy. Three children were born to this union who are all grown and married. She was the youngest grandmother in the U.S., at the time when her first grandchild was born. She was less than 32 years old. Rolla, the oldest, lives at Holdenville, Ok. He marr., Ethel Bottoms. They have 2 children, Francis and Rolla, Jr. Macy Harriet, wife of Allen Brown, a mechanic lives at Soloma Beach, Ca. Two daughters, Meltreta and Catherine Lycurgus. James Lycurgus, the youngest child of Iva Pearl, is a mortician and lives in Hollywood, Ca. He marr., Mary Shaffer, a professional dancer. They have no children. Her family was of rare beauty and considered very handsome. Pearl was marr., to Dexter Carpenter, a native of Mo., of English parentage.

3-10 James William Busick, the tenth and youngest child of the family of Samuel and Harriett Busick, was b. on the same farm as the rest of the family, near Bement, Ill. He was b. in 1887. He grew to manhood in the same community, always living near or with his parents. He marr., Winifred Brewer. One daughter was born to this union, namely Ruby. After the death of his parents he moved to Bement, Ill., and at present is city mail carrier and has built the first minature golf links in Bement.

This family of 10 children was not reared without hardships to both parents and children as everyone in the community was poor and the country had lots of sickness and deaths. The country was full of malaria and everyone had chills and fever. The country was then as poor as it is now prosperous. We all had our work to do as the seven oldest were girls and worked in the field as boys would have done. But we have nurses, musicians, school teachers, seamstresses and milliners in the family. The merchants of Bement said that the Busick family was the most handsome family that came to town. But we all had our sorrows, as some were widowed by death and some by law as some marriages were unhappy. Some lost all their children by death. Olive, Ida and Emma are widows and childless, having lost both husbands and children.

Our grandmother played a very important part in rearing this large family, both with her work and with her finances, as she gave liberally of what she possessed. I can see her yet as she sat at the table with a very large coffee pot near her and as we all bowed she asked this blessing: "Bless the hands that prepared this food for the use and nourishment of our dying, decaying bodies, and make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive and in heaven save us; for Christ's sake, Amen."

JAMES ARTHUR BUSICK

1846 - 1875

5-10 James Arthur Busick was b. Apr. 15, 1846 in Madison Co., O. He came to Greenup, Ill., with his father and the rest of the family before 1854.

He was 6' 3" tall, and of fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair. He was a farmer. He marr., Sarah E. Dunham in 1869 and lived on a farm north of Greenup, Ill., until spring of 1875 when he went to Tx., with his family.

The following is copied from his Civil War Discharge Papers: "When too young to legally enlist he ran away from home and got into the army as a private in Co. G, 124 Regiment of Illinois Infantry Volunteers. He was enrolled Dec. 1861 to serve 3 years, but after 2 years service was discharged at Little Rock, Ark., in 1863. He was 18 years of age when he was discharged so he must have been 14 or 15 years of age when he enlisted the first time but being of fine physique it was an easy matter. He served all through the war and came home in perfect health. On Mar. 7, 1869, he marr., Sarah E. Dunham, a daughter of Solomon Dunham, who had come to Greenup, Ill., ca 1865, from Delaware Co., O. She was b. Feb. 15, 1851.

Solomon Dunham, a widower (his wife having died Oct. 10, 1867) finally went to near Albion, Ia., ca 1870 and ca 1874 he went on down to Tx. He liked the country there in central Tx., so well that he urged his son-in-law and wife to move down there and live with him. So they sold their Illinois farm and left for Tx., greatly to the displeasure of his mother and his brother Lycurgus Busick. (Samuel L. Busick). But transportation was slow in those days. I can just remember of how all the neighbors gathered to offer their help and sympathy when the following word came by letter to his brother Samuel L. Busick (my father) of what had happened. My grand mother (his mother) kept the letter to her last day. It was written by a school teacher, a Mr. Singer, who did Mr. Dunham's house keeping for his board and taught the school in the settlement. Indians and Mexicans would raid the settlements and drive off all the live stock and if anyone interfered with them they would kill them. James Busick and family had gone by train as far as Waco, Tx., and then took the stage as far as San Saba, Tx., and then they were still 40 miles from her father's farm. So, James walked the 40 miles and arrived safely.

The next morning they were to take their teams and go and get his wife and family at San Saba. James did not know the conditions into which he had come and when he went out to get the team he found that the place was being raided by the Indians. It is supposed that Solomon Dunham and James tried to get a horse each from the herd as it was being driven away. Mr. Dunham succeeded in getting on his horse but a limb of tree raked him off and the Indians captured him and beat him to death with a club within a quarter of a mile of his home. They captured James and took the hobbles off a horse and put them on his legs and drove him 5 miles and finally shot him through the shoulders. Seventeen arrows were found in his body. The teacher heard through the school children about the stock being taken and at noon closed the school. The people of the settlement started



Sarah Dunham, daughter of Solomon, married James Busick. She was born Feb. 15, 1851, d. January 20, 1927 at Dundee, Michigan.

to look too far away from his home for him. The Indians took the shoes and shirt off of James' body and for months the officers carried the mate to the shirt he wore in an effort to catch the murderers. James was a powerful man and had fought with his fists through it all, but had no weapons. His wife, just a girl of 21 years of age, with her family of 3 small children, was waiting for her husband and father when neighbors came with the awful news. George, the oldest was 5 years old. Della was four, Gertie was 3 months old.



Tombstone of Solomon Dunham and James A. Busick in Spiller Cemetery, near Voca, McCulloch Co., Tx. Taken about 1945. Solomon Dunham, b. Dec. 14, 1825, Delaware Co. Ohio, d. Mar. 18, 1875, Voca, Tx. James A. Busick, b. Apr. 15, 1846, Madison Co. Ohio, d. Mar. 18, 1875, Voca Tx. Both killed by Comanche Indians.

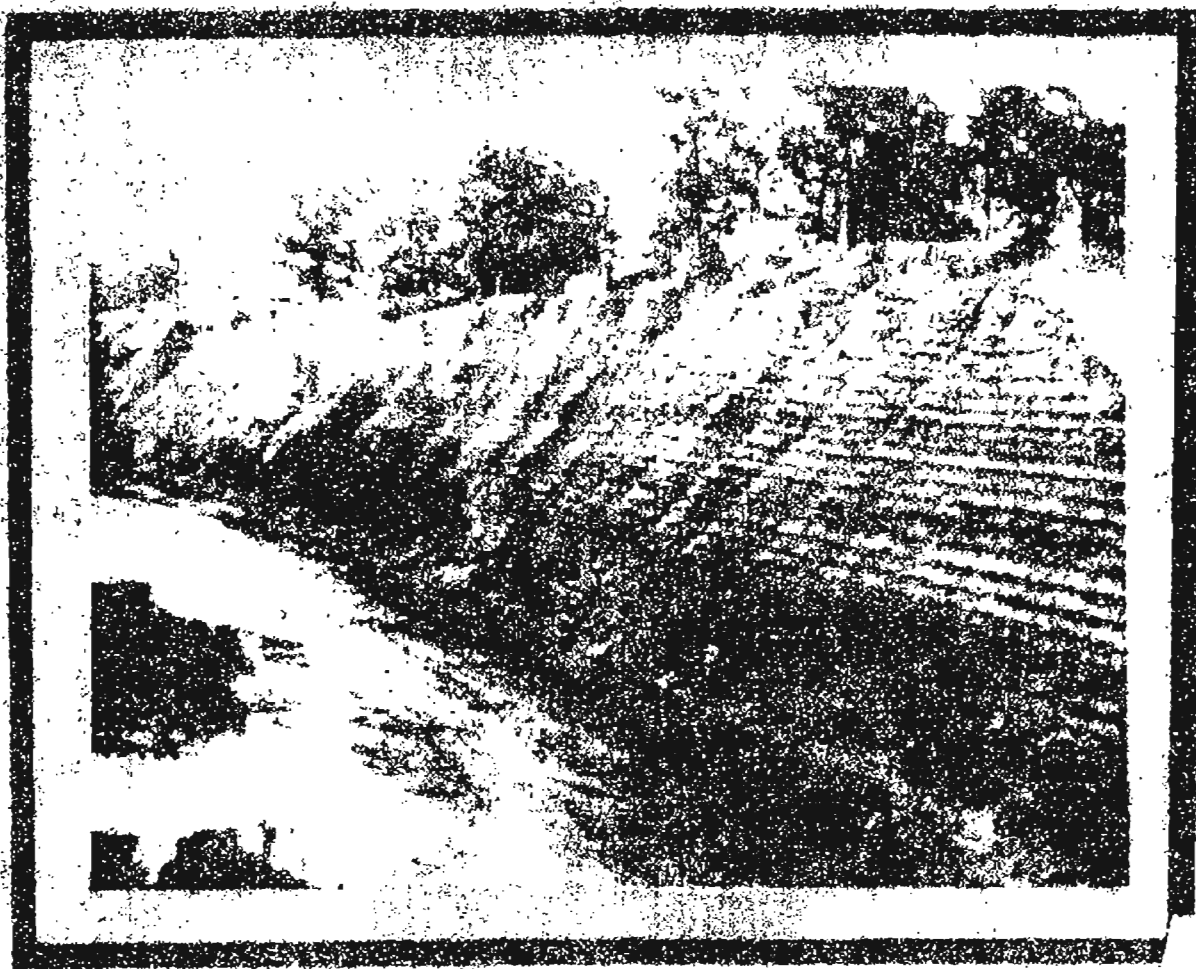


Spiller C., near Voca, Tx., where Solomon Dunham and James Busick are buried under tombstone under the mesquite tree, Wade Spiller, son of man who owned this ranch is standing in front of parents graves enclosed in walls. He was 15 years old when he saw the men buried after they were killed by Indians 3-18-1875. Photo by O.L. Rothbone-grandson of Solomon Dunham, 1947.



Solomon Dunham.
1825--1875

James A. Busick
1846--1875



East Bank of ALUM CREEK in Berkshire Twp., Delaware Co., Ohio. Harlock Dunham, father of Solomon Dunham owned this land and had his mill just south of the Sunbury-Delawar Road on the west side of Alum Creek.

HARLOCK DUNHAM(177)

b. 4-13-1781 Conway, Mass.

d. 8-28-1868 Albion, Ia.

m. Elizabeth Haskins 11-15-1804

b. 8-16-1785 Conway, Mass.

d. 2-27-1856 Berkshire, O.

They came from Conway Mass, to
Berkshire, O., in 1807.

He was a miller and carpenter.

Went to Albion, Ia., in 1868

with son John and died

there that same fall.

1 Elizabeth Dunham (H-1)

b. 1-20-1806

d.

m. Cowgill

Moved to Albion, Ia.

2 Eleazer Dunham (H-2)

b. 8-17-1808 Berkshire, O.

m. Miriam Clark

b. 12-5-1811

d. 9-18-1859 age 47

Buried Berkshire C.

He moved to Iowa in 1864
or 1868.

3 Thomas Dunham (H-3)

b. 12-1-1810 Berkshire, O.

d. 8-22-1842, Berkshire, O.

M.

Buried Berkshire Cem.

4 Jeremiah Dunham (H-4)

b. 8-22-1813 Berkshire, O.

d. 7-25-1843, age 29

Berkshire, O.

m. Mandana Blodgett. 1 child.

5 Mary "Polly" Dunham (H-5)

b. 5-30-1816 Berkshire, O.

d. 11-3-1864

m. Selah VanSickle of Dela-
ware Co., O. They moved
to Ia., ca 1864.

6 John Leander Dunham (H-6)

b. 11-10-1819, Berkshire, O.

d. 3-14-1891 Albion, Ia.

m. Fanny M. Smith 8-28-1844, O.

b. 5-5-1827, White Plains,
New York.

d. 1-11-1905 Albion, Ia.

They moved to Albion ca 1868.

7 George Dunham (H-7)

b. 6-25-1822, Berkshire, O.

d. buried Rock Valley, Ia.

m. Alice Smith, moved to Ia.
1868

8 Solomon Dunham (H-8)

b. 12-4-1824 (Cowgill records)

b. 12-14-1825 Tombstone "

d. 3-18-1875 near Voca, Tx.

m. Mary Polly Sherman 4-21-1850

b. 8-30-1830 Muskingum Co, O.

d. Greenup, Ill, Oct. 1867.

Samuel Dunham (H-9)

b. 4-4-1828, Delaware Co. O.

- 1 Sarah E. Dunham (H-20)
 - b. 2-15-1851 Delaware Co, O.
 - d. 1-20-1927, Dundee, Mi.
 - m. James A. Busick 3-7-1869
at Greenup, Ill.
 - He, b. 4-19-1846, Madison Co, O.
 - d. 3-18-1875, Voca, Tx.
 - M. John Rothbone 7-3-1880, Albion
Ia. b. 11-10-1860
d. 6-12-1933, Monticello, Ill.
- 2 Clem Dunham (H-21)
 - b.
 - d. 10-15-1931, Albion, Ia.
 - m. Nellie Hildebrand
b. 1871
d. 3-13-1897--4 children
 - m. Sarah Dawson, b. 1870
d. 8-12-1931 2 children.
- 3 Charles Franklin Dunham (H-18)
 - b. 1-23-1859, Delaware Co, O.
 - d. 6-13-1920, Albion, Ia.
 - m. Sarah Mishler 10-23-1882
Lived Prairieville and
Marshalltown and Albion, Ia.
Wife b. 9-19-1866, d. 10-4-1938.
- 4 William Dunham (H-19)
 - b.
 - d.
- 5 Alfred Dunham (H-22)
 - b.
 - d. 1879, Liscomb, Ia.
 - He was in Tx., with father
when he was killed.
- 1 Hurmise Dunham
 - b. 1-4-1884 near Albion
 - d. 7-22-1893
- 2 George Burton Dunham
 - b. 3-16-1885
 - d. 7-27-1893
- 3 Clara Mae Dunham
 - b. 2-18-1888 Marshall-
town, Ia.
 - d.
 - m. Charles Francis
Elliott b. 2-26-1882
Liscomb, Ia.
 - d.
 - m. 8-29-1906 Prairie-
ville, Ia. Lived
1429 W. Linn St.,
Marshalltown, Ia., for
24 yrs. Moved to 34
acre farm near Lisb
comb, Ia., 1947

SARAH E. DUNHAM

(H-20)

Sarah Elizabeth Dunham, the only daughter of Solomon and Mary "Polly" Dunham, was b. Feb. 15, 1851 in a little log cabin on her father's farm in Brown Township, Delaware Co., O., ca 4 miles northeast of the city of Delaware, the county seat. The farm was on the west side of the McMaster's Road. The log house was built ca 40 feet from the edge of the road, ca 1850 and faced east. Just a few hundred feet to the north, on the same side of the road on a rise of ground, was later built the log cabin of Eli Sherman. Mary Sherman, or Polly as she was called, married Solomon Dunham, Apr. 21, 1850.

Mary Sherman was b. Aug. 30, 1830 in Muskingum Co., O., probably in Salt Creek Twp. Eli Sherman had moved to Kingston Twp., Delaware Co., O., some time before 1850. The Shermans were supposed to have come to Kingston Township in the early 1830's. For a time the Sherman family had lived on what was known as the old Hickie farm and then built a log cabin on the McMasters Road on a half acre of land that was given him by Solomon Dunham.

Solomon Dunham was b. Dec. 14, 1825, on his father's place which was near the Sunbury-Delaware Road where it crosses over Alum Creek. He was the son of Harlock and Elizabeth Dunham, who had moved to this location from Conway, Mass., in 1807. Several of Harlock's other brothers and their families had come west about the same time and all had bought adjoining farms along Alum Creek. Harlock Dunham was a miller and carpenter by trade. He and his brother Silas operated a grist and saw mill for some time near the Sunbury-Delaware Road bridge where it spans Alum Creek.

Harlock sold out and went to Albion, Ia., with his son John in 1868 and died there that same summer and is buried in Albion Cem.

Sarah E. Dunham had 4 brothers namely, Clem, Charlie, William and Alfred. Charlie Dunham was b. 1-23-1859 and d. June 13, 1920 in Albion, Ia. The date of Clem's birth is not known to the writer (b. 1863 in Delaware, Co.,) but he died Oct. 15, 1931 in Albion, Ia. The date of birth and deaths of the other 2 brothers is not known but Alfred was said to have died in 1879 near Liscomb, Ia.

Sarah Dunham attended the little country school near her home when she was a young girl. Like all the rest of the children of the early pioneers she was able to attend school but a few years and only a few months at a time as she was needed at home to help her mother with the housework. However the few years she was able to attend the little country school and play with the other children during the intermissions were always a fond memory in her later years. She liked to relate incidents of these school years to her children in later life. She would tell them about a game which the school children played and which they called "Black Man." She said that when she was

a girl she was a very swift runner and when this game was played the two sides would each try to choose her first. She was generally the last one to be caught. She would laugh and then tell how the boys would button up their coats tightly about them and run with all their might to catch her. She was of the opinion that this fleetness of foot could be inherited and advised her son Ora to practice running so that sometime he would also be a good runner.

During the winter months the family was more or less confined within the four walls of their little log cabin. However, there was much work to do. Sarah was taught by her mother how to knit and sew as well as the other household duties. Her father had a flock of sheep and each spring they were shorn of their wool. This wool was washed and scoured and later carded and then dyed and spun into yarn. The yarn was knitted by the mother and daughter into stockings, mittens and other articles of clothing. The family made their own soap from surplus fats and wood ashes. Like the other pioneers of their neighborhood they produced practically everything they ate and wore on their own farm. Money was scarce in those days and stores were far away and besides the roads were few and in very poor condition.

In the latter part of Feb., and early Mar., of each year her father would go into the woods back of their home and tap the sugar maple trees and hang wooden buckets under each spout to collect the sweet sap as it flowed from the trees. This sap was emptied into large wooden barrels and hauled on one-horse sleds to the sugar camp where it was poured into large iron kettles. Under these kettles large fires were kept burning day and night. The thin, watery sap gradually thickened into maple syrup. Close to the fires was a large shed made from rough lumber and roofed over with clapboard shingles. Extra buckets and other sugar making equipment was kept here and it also served as a shelter for the men who tended the fires. The season for making maple sugar was a time of fun and excitement for the children. Sometimes they would collect goose eggs and puncture a hole through the shell at one end and drain out the contents after which they would fill the shell with the thick maple syrup. Then when this thick syrup cooled it would crystalize and form a large lump of sugar the same size and shape of the egg. They would then break off the shell and eat the sugar.

One of the delightful pastimes of the spring and summer months was for the children to go wading in the cool waters of a little creek called Horse shoe Run. This was a small stream which wound around through the hills back of the Solomon Dunham farm and then emptied into the Olentangie River about two miles away. It had a clean sandy bottom and in places the water flowed over layers of limestone and shale. On the south side of the stream was a high, steep bank and on top of this grew large forest trees which cast their cool shade over the stream during the hot summer months. The water was clear and shallow and the children of the neighborhood enjoyed wading up and down this little stream. One time when they were wading this creek a little boy by name of Silas Sherman, a son of Ira Sherman, had a fainting spell and fell into the water and was drowned.

To the east of the Solomon Dunham home a few miles was Alum Creek. This creek flowed from north to south through the eastern part of Delaware County. The earliest settlements in Berkshire and Berlin Townships were made along this stream. There were no roads in the early days and the pioneers made their settlements close to the principal streams. There was an Indian trail along the west bank of Alum Creek which extended from the southern edge of Delaware Co., to the northern borders of the county and on up to Sandusky, O. There were also earthworks and mounds at intervals along the banks of this stream which had been constructed by the mound builders in ancient times. For several years, after Delaware Co., was settled by the whites the Indians would return here to hunt and fish and trade with the settlers. Quite a few Indian families remained in this vicinity for several years after the white people came. When the Dunham families came from Conway, Mass., in 1807 they all bought adjoining farms near Alum Creek and to the east along the Sunbury-Delaware Road in the direction of Berkshire Corners and this was known as the "Dunham Settlement". Harlock Dunham bought a farm on the east bank of Alum Creek on the north side of the Sunbury-Delaware Road. In those days it was just a trail. The old saw mill was on this west side of the creek and just south of the present location of the Sunbury-Delaware Road. (NOTE: the road was re-located about 1955 and the site of the mill is probably north of this new road.) When the iron bridge was built in later years the road was re-located a hundred feet to the north. Now the road is probably 500 feet to the south of that road.

In Berkshire Township the east bank of Alum Creek rises to about 90 feet in a steep bluff composed of loose shale rock. On top of this high bank and in the ravines which bordered the creek were large groves of sugar maple, hickory, buckeye, red bud, and other trees native to this part of the state. These wooded hills and bottom lands along Alum Creek were favorite spots for picnics and other outdoor gatherings of the people of the Berkshire neighborhood. On Sundays in the summer months the people would take well filled lunch baskets and go in ox carts to the groves along this creek for family reunions and picnics. While the older people were eating and enjoying themselves in conversation, wrestling matches, etc., the children would play among themselves and ramble through the woods picking flowers, gathering nuts and chasing the squirrels or wading in the cool waters of Alum Creek. Although all those children are now grown and living in far distant parts of the United States they still cherish fond memories of the wonderfully happy times they had playing along the banks of beautiful Alum Creek.

It is related that on one of these picnics a boy by the name of Frank Sherman (a son of Eli and father of Victor) and another boy climbed up the slippery bluff of the creek near the Sunbury bridge. They did this in a spirit of bravado and it is a wonder they did not slip and fall down the steep bank. Such is the recklessness of youth. The bed of this creek is composed of limestone and shale with here and there stretches of sandy bottom. At some places there are deeper holes where there is good fishing. Sarah Dunham attended many of these picnics and outings in her youth and enjoyed telling her children about them in later life.

About two miles south of the Sunbury and Delaware bridge over Alum Creek is the little village of Cheshire, and the Cheshire Cemetery. In this cemetery many of the early Dunham and their descendants are buried. To the west of Cheshire about a mile where the Cheshire Road and the State Road intersect is the site of the old block house built by the early settlers. It was built about 1812 and stood on the rise of ground on the southwest corner. After the Indians left it was used for a church for a time and later a family lived in it for a number of years. It was finally torn down and a cemetery now occupies the site. This old cemetery has been neglected and no fence kept up around it. As a result the graves are overgrown with vines and brambles and many of the tombstones have fallen down.

About six miles east of Alum Creek bridge is the little village of Berkshire Corners or Berkshire. Just a store or two and a filling station. It was the first town in Delaware County. It was founded by Moses Bixby who came from Berkshire Co., Mass., with a colony of settlers in 1804. In a year or two he abandoned this little settlement and started the town of Delaware which later became the county seat of Delaware County. Just east of the little village is the Berkshire Cemetery. In this cemetery are buried many of the early Dunhams. Elizabeth or "Betsy" as she was called, the wife of Harlock Dunham (177) is buried in this cemetery.

Sometimes during the summer or fall months Solomon Dunham would load his family into the ox cart and drive to the town of Delaware a few miles away, which was on the other side of the Olentangie River. After unhitching the oxen and feeding them the family would hunt up a shady spot near the "White Sulphur Springs" and they would spread out their lunch and eat in the cool shade. After lunch they would visit the various stores and buy groceries and provisions for several weeks ahead. The White Sulphur Springs were quite famous even before the city of Delaware was ever thought of. The wild animals for miles around came to these springs to slake their thirst. They seemed to prefer this water to that of any of the other springs on account of its sulphur content. The Indians took advantage of the abundance of game frequenting this spot and set up their villages along the banks of Olentangie River nearby. Delaware Co., and the city of Delaware are named after the tribe of Indians living in this vicinity when the early settlers came here. Ohio Wesleyan University now owns the grounds where these springs are located.

SOLOMON DUNHAM MOVES WITH HIS FAMILY FROM OHIO TO ILLINOIS

About 1865 a general migration of the Dunham families to the western states began. Eleazer Dunham, a brother of Solomon, moved to the vicinity of Liscomb, Ia., and bought land there from the Government. John, another brother, went to Albion, Ia., a town nearby. Harlock, the father of these men, went to Albion, Ia., in 1868 with his son John. He died there that same summer on Aug. 28, 1868. It is related that several of the Dunham families went through together by ox team. Sixteen teams of oxen made up the party. Harlock (H-10), a son of Eleazer Dunham stayed about a year at Albion and then went to Sioux County, Ia., on the extreme western edge of the state and

settled near where Hawarden, Ia., is now. Thomas Dunham was the first sheriff of Sioux Co., Ia.

Solomon Dunham sold out and took his family as far as Greenup Ill., which is in the east central part of Ill. Greenup is in Cumberland Co., and on the Old National Road which runs from Indianapolis, Ind., to St. Louis, Mo. He and a number of other Delaware people probably drove through by ox team going first to Delaware, then south to Columbus, O., then west to Indianapolis, Ind., and then southwest through Terre Haute, Ind., and across the Wabash River and then on over into Illinois. A short time after their arrival in Illinois his wife, Mary took sick and then died on Oct. 10, 1867 on the farm about five miles north of Greenup. She was buried in the Tippetts Cem., about 2 miles east of the Cottonwood Church and about half a mile east of the Delaware Road which runs to Greenup.

The daughter, Sarah Dunham, then took over the household duties of cooking and washing for her father and four brothers, Clem, Charlie, William and Alfred. However, she did get to attend a little country school near her home for a few months before her mother died. She has related one incident regarding this which was highly amusing. She and another girl were sitting

on the rail fence which surrounded the school yard one day. It was said that the rails for this fence had been split by Abraham Lincoln. The Lincoln family had first settled a few miles north of here at a place called Goose Nest Prairie, when they first came to Illinois. The girls got to arguing over the slavery question until they finally got into a fight. The conversation about the splitting of the rails for the fence had started the argument. Sarah Dunham had referred to Lincoln as being just an "old nigger lover" and that precipitated the fight. They were separated before much harm was done.

After the death of his wife, Solomon Dunham stayed here at Greenup farm a short time and then went to Liscomb, Ia. He bought a small farm of 20 acres in the country southeast of that town. The daughter, Sarah had met and married a young man who had been a soldier in the civil War. His name was James Arthur Busick, born April 19, 1846, in Madison Co., O. His father John Busick, and several of his brothers and sisters, and his father's brothers and sisters, had moved to near Greenup, Ill., about 1850. James and Sarah were married, Mar. 7, 1869 at Greenup. They lived here until the spring of 1875. They had 4 children born at Greenup:

- 1-George Arthur Busick, b. Jan. 26, 1870, d. Jan. 22, 1912 at Broadlands, Ill.
- 2-Eugene Busick, b. Aug. 18, 1871, d. Aug. 24, 1893 at Hume, Ill.
- 3-Samuel Lycurgus Busick, b. Sept. 10, 1873, d. Jan. 27, 1874 at Greenup, Ill.
- 4-Gertie Olive Busick, b. Jan. 4, 1875, d. June 6, 1943 at Britton, Mi.

There was an incident which occurred while living at Greenup farm that Sarah Busick always remembered. One afternoon her husband James was bringing a load of wood home from the timber when the sky began to get very dark. The chickens crowed and went to roost and the candles were lit. The darkness was caused by an eclipse of the sun.

The son who died, Samuel Lycurgus, was named after a brother of James Busick. This brother most often called by the name of "Kerg" was Lycurgus Busick, a brother of James who went to

Piatt County and bought a large farm south east of Bement and north of Atwood, Ill. He was one of the early pioneers of Piatt Co., when most of the county was marsh land with many sloughs and the principal occupation of the pioneers was the raising of large herds of cattle on the open ranges.

LIFE ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER

After the death of his wife near Greenup, Ill., Solomon Dunham went to Marshall Co., Ia., and bought a small farm of 20 acres near Liscomb. Several of his brothers had moved there previously and bought farms in the neighborhood of Albion and Liscomb. Solomon Dunham took his boys with him and they lived a few miles south east of Liscomb on the prairie. Evidently he was not satisfied with the country or the climate for we next hear of him in central Texas. He had taken his youngest son Alfred with him and was living in the south east corner of McCulloch County close to the San Saba River, (on the north side) which flows into the Colorado River in San Saba Co., to the east. The climate there was much milder and healthier than in Ill. The soil was rich and could be bought very cheaply. The winters were short and mild. He liked the country and the climate so well that he wrote to his son-in-law James Busick, who still lived near Greenup, Ill., and urged him to move down to Tx. Against the wishes of his mother and other relatives and friends James Busick decided to go to the new country.

In the early part of March, 1875, James Busick took his wife and three small children, the youngest, Gertie, being only 3 months old, and started for Texas. They went by train as far as Waco, Tx. That was the end of the rail road. From there they traveled by stage coach to the Colorado River in San Saba Co. James left his family at the ranch of Riley Dawson, and traveled on foot about 40 miles further on to the home of Solomon Dunham. That night they made plans to start early the next morning with a team and wagon and go back after the rest of the family.

The night of Mar. 17-18 was clear and the moon and stars shone brightly through the clear dry air of Central Texas. It was just the kind of a night that the Indians liked for raiding the ranches of the settlers and driving away their livestock. Bands of Comanche Indians and Apaches still made forays into Central Texas. For several years they had been making raids on the scattered settlements and attacking wagon trains. They could come on moonlight nights and drive off the horses and cattle of the settlers. Sometimes they would kill the settlers and burn their homes. After these raids they would flee westward into the wilds of New Mexico or Old Mexico. Some of these bands were from Indian Territory which later became the state of Oklahoma. It was almost impossible to catch them after they got a good start for they were better acquainted with the country and always had plenty of horses to ride. However, it had been quite some time since anyone had been killed in this part of the country and the settlers had become more or less careless. Solomon Dunham, being a newcomer, did not realize the danger of Indian attacks.

On the morning of Mar. 18, 1875, Solomon Dunham and James Busick got up early and went out to get a team of horses to

hitch to their wagon. They had planned an early start as it was a long drive to the Colorado River. Not suspecting the presence of Indians they did not take their guns with them that morning. As they were about to catch the horses they were surprised by a roving band of Indians who were driving off the stock. No living person knows exactly what happened. We can only relate what was seen afterwards by others and try to piece the story together the best we can from that evidence. Evidently James Busick did not succeed in catching a horse. He was captured by the Indians who put rawhide hobbles on his legs and drove him for a considerable distance before they decided to kill him. However, he must have put up a terrible battle with his fists for they were found to be all skinned up when his body was found later. Seventeen arrows were found sticking in his body. There was one bullet wound in his upper arm and side. The Indians had taken his coat and shirt with them but they left his boots lying nearby.

The body of Solomon Dunham could not be found at first. The searching party was looking too far away from his home. He had succeeded in capturing a horse and had almost reached home when he was captured. It was supposed that he was scraped off the back of his horse by the limb of a tree. The Indians had killed him also, beating him to death with clubs.

Some school children brought the news of the tragedy to their teacher, a Mr. Thomas Singer, who lived with Mr. Dunham. He dismissed school for the rest of the day and hurried to the scene of the attack. The soldiers were notified and they came and buried the bodies and began a search for the murderers. The men were bathed and dressed and buried by the soldiers in the private burying ground on the ranch of the Spiller family which was known as the Spiller Grave Yard. Mrs. Busick was not notified of the death of her husband and father for several days. She never saw her husband and father after James left her that morning at the home of Mr. Riley Dawson on the banks of the Colorado River. She had not only lost her husband but her father also, and was left alone without money or relatives in a wild frontier country with 3 small children to take care of as well as her little brother Alfred Dunham, who had been living with his father in Texas.

James Busick was wearing a red checkered shirt at the time he was killed. His wife had made 2 shirts for him from the same piece of cloth. The soldiers borrowed the mate to the shirt which the Indians had stolen and carried it with them for several months hoping that they might be able to see some of them wearing it and thus identify them. However they never succeeded in catching the guilty ones.

Below is a copy of the letter sent by Mr. Singer to Lycurgus "Kerg" Busick, the brother of James, who was living at Bement, Ill., at the time.

San Saba, Tx., Mar. 23,
1875

Mr. Kerg Busick
Bement, Ill.

Dear Sir,

I have a painful duty to perform in announcing to you that your brother, James Busick, and his father-in-law, Mr. Solomon Dunham, were both killed by Indians on Wednesday last. Mr.

Busick came to Waco, Tx., on the cars, and there hired a team to bring his family to San Saba but stopped on the Colorado River about 10 miles from the town and leaving his family with Riley Dawson went alone to meet Mr. Dunham. On Thursday morning, just after daylight, they went out after the horses, intending to start after the family, and were killed. Mr. Busick was found about a mile from the house, his coat and shirt being taken away, and his boots lying near him. He was lanced 17 times. Mr. Dunham was within a half mile of him, and was also terribly mangled and bruised.

There were about seven Indians or Mexican, judging from their tracks. Mrs. Busick is of course terribly shocked at the news, and wants your advice as to what she shall do, being left without money and among strangers. Alfred, her little brother, was brought to her yesterday.

The people here are very kind hearted and the deepest sympathy is felt by all, and everything that can possibly be done for her will be done; and as far as money can alleviate the trouble it will be freely given. It was impossible to get word to Sarah for her to attend the funeral, but everything was taken care of by sympathizing friends. I was living with Mr. Dunham at the time, and will do all in my power to help. Please write as soon as you possibly can, and give her your advice as to what course to pursue. I gave Mr. Dunham's papers, deed to the Iowa farm, etc., to Mrs. Busick last evening.

If you could possibly arrange matters so that you could come down you had better do so, as your presence would greatly comfort Mrs. Busick. Please write upon receipt of this. I will write to Mrs. Harlock Dunham this morning. Mrs. Busick's address will be: Care of Riley Dawson, San Saba, San Saba County, Texas.

With deepest sympathy for you all believe me to be,
Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) Thomas Singer
Fort Mason, Mason Co., Tx.

(Mr. Singer was a one armed man.)

AN ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN ATTACK IN 1868, in McCulloch Co., Tx.
Copied from the Alamogordo, N.M., News of Jan. 16, 1936.

The following account of an attack by Commanche Indians is one of the most atrocious in Texas history, where in the victims of the attack lived. The account as published below is reprinted from the Kansas City Star of Dec. 29, 1901 and was given as an interview by William J. Miller, one of the two survivors, just one year almost to the day, before he passed on, while visiting his brother at Cheyenne, Okla.

The story is all the more interesting when it is known that "Bill" Miller, as he was known over a large section of three or four states, was a brother of Mrs. T.E. Woodson, who has been a resident of this section of N.M., for over 50 years. Mrs. Woodson came to this county from McCulloch Co., Tx., with her husband in 1885. They settled below where Wedd is situated. Mr. Woodson died many years ago. Mrs. Woodson has resided in Alamogordo for some 25 years. She has 3 living children and a number of grand children. Her children are Arthur Woodson, Alamogordo; Joseph "Buster" Woodson of Ca. ; and Mrs. Austin Reeves of Elk,

N.M.

Mrs. Woodson was a small girl when the Indian fight her brother had with the Comanches occurred. However, she remembers of other attacks the Indians made in her neighborhood in McCullock Co. She is 75 years old and unusually alert mentally and spry physically. However, she explained, when the newsman talked with her, she had been having a siege of the flu. Mrs. Woodson is a woman of considerable reticence but greatly beloved by all who know her for her innate lovable character.

NOTE: This story of an attack by Comanche Indians in McCullock Co., Tx., is given at this point in our story in order that the descendants of Solomon Dunham and James Busick, who were both killed near this same spot in 1875, may get an idea of the cruelty of Indian warfare. The Comanches and Apaches who roamed over New Mexico, Colorado, Texas and down into old Mexico were considered the most blood-thirsty and treacherous on the North American continent. (O.L. Rothbone)

The article in the Kansas City Star is as follows:

To be surrounded by hostile Indians at such close quarters that the twang of their bowstrings can be heard, to be shot with arrows until one's body is pierced with 23 wounds, and then to escape and live to an old age is an experience that comes to few men. But that is what happened to William J. Miller, a ranchman who lives on the Sweetwater in Wheeler Co., Tx., and is familiarly known in western Okla., and the Pan Handle as "Uncle Billy" Miller. He has lived for years with an iron arrowhead in one of his lungs but in spite of it is a man of large physique and robust appearance. Surgeons in Kansas City have located the arrowhead several times with an x-ray machine, but declined to remove it saying that the operation would be more dangerous than to allow the arrowhead to remain.

Miller comes frequently to Cheyenne where several of his relatives live. To him an Indian is the incarnation of all that is fiendish and bloodthirsty. "If I had the power of lightning I would not let it thunder 'til I had killed every one of them," said he. To a group of listeners in front of "Smoky Joe" Miller's hotel, "Uncle Billy" told this story of his memorable fight.

"In 1868 I lived in San Saba County, Texas. On the night of Jan. 17, in that year A.W. Morrow, a neighbor, now dead, and myself camped near the watermill of Major A.J. Rose, where Brady Creek empties into the Colorado River. There had been no trouble with marauding Comanches and when we started home early the next morning with a four-horse team we were armed with only two dra-goon pistols. We were traveling a main road between two settlements, and had gone about 8 miles when we heard the sound of running horses in our rear. Morrow was walking, and, calling to me, said: 'Wait, a lot of cowboys are trying to overtake us; they must have had bad news.' A herd of cattle close by led him to believe that our followers were cowboys.

"I saw that Indians instead of cowboys were coming and shouted to Morrow to jump into the wagon or he would be shot full of holes. Our wagon cover was up and tightly drawn. I whipped our horses into a run but the Indians soon overtook us. Morrow crouched in the rear of the wagon and began the fight. He shot one Indian whose horse whirled and threw him to the ground. This caused the Indians to fall back a little and enabled us to see that there were about 15 in the party. They were a dirty, greasy bunch of wretches, much of their war paint having been worn off

since they started on their raid. Several women were among them, riding astride and fighting as viciously as the men. Our horses ran away and went at breakneck speed for about three miles. The Indians kept close to our rear and fired at us with Winchester, pistols and 2 old "Long Tom" Rifles doing little damage however, as they were poor marksmen with firearms. They killed one of our horses and then, luckily or unluckily for us, ran out of ammunition.

"We could see them unsling their bows and shifting their arrow quivers into position knew that the worst of the fight was yet to come. The first arrow struck Morrow in the hand; the Indian who shot it tumbled yelling from his horse with a bullet in his chest. In the runaway, our horses threw the wagon into a ditch where we stuck fast. We were reduced to less than a dozen cartridges and saw that we must make every bullet count. We never fired at any Indian more than 10 feet away. The Indians charged us time and again often coming within eight or ten feet of the wagon. We could have hit them with clubs. They talked to each other in the sign language, making as little noise as possible, and pressing closer and closer upon us. The leader came within six feet of me and I shot him through the hips. He yelled and clutched his saddle and galloped away.

"A squaw shot me in the right cheek with an arrow which protruded behind my ear. Six more struck me in the head, the points "kinking" against my skull, making it difficult and painful to pull them out. Seven more lodged in my body between my neck and waist. I pulled an arrowhead from my abdomen which was as long as my finger and so keen that a person could whittle with it. The Indians were too close range for their arrows to acquire speed, or else we would have been shot through and through. In pulling an arrow from left side the head slipped from the shaft and remained in my lung. It is still there. Another hit me squarely in the middle of the chest, sticking in the bone and standing out as straight as if it had been shot into a tree. Another missed the femoral artery in my right thigh. It remained there until 1874 when Dr. Dowell at Galveston removed it. I presented the relic to Morrow as a souvenir. The cold acid sting of an arrow plowing its way through your flesh is a sensation never to be forgotten. It is less painful than it is sickening.

"Poor Morrow was as desperately wounded as myself. An arrow struck him squarely in the left ear and while I was pulling it out, another went whizzing into his right ear. He could see both the shafts and imagined that one arrow had passed entirely through his head. He groaned and said that he was killed. Before I could reassure him an arrow hit him in the left eye and glanced under the skin to his ear. Blood poured down his face in a stream and covered my hands and arms. 'They have shot my eye out', he exclaimed. 'No, it glanced' I replied, pulling the arrow from the wound. Morrow was hit three or four times before I was touched. When the Indians got under good headway the arrows came so rapidly that I couldn't pull them out as fast as they went in.

We were in desperate straits, suffering from dreadful wounds, out of ammunition, save one load in Morrow's pistol and our horses unable to pull the wagon from the ditch. The Indians in their excitement had shot away most of their arrows. The

"chuck" box fastened to the end of the wagon, bristled like a porcupine. I believe that a double armful of arrows were sticking in the wagon and ground. I told Morrow that our only hope of escape was to cut the traces and make a run on horseback.

"The Indians had withdrawn to parley knowing that they only had a few arrows in their quivers and fearful that we might still have ammunition. Morrow and I mounted a horse each and started. An arrow whizzed and struck his horse in the hip causing the animal to pitch. Morrow was thrown fully ten feet high, falling on his head. He called to me that he was killed. I answered by pulling him up behind me and was thankful to find that he still held to his pistol with its remaining load. We ran our horses as rapidly as possible toward the clump of trees. The Indians shot at us about 20 times while we were cutting the traces but upon reaching the deserted wagon they replenished their supply and a stream of arrows poured after us. A friend trailed us afterwards for 150 yards by the arrows sticking in the ground.

"We rode about three-quarters of a mile before reaching cover in the timber. Then a singular thing happened. Whether it was due to their savage admiration of our pluck and seemingly charmed lives I am unable to say. We had killed, as later reports showed about 7 Indians. The remainder of the band now galloped to within 60 feet of where we crouched in the timber, and stopped. Their leader rode out and looked steadily at us for a few seconds without saying a word, and returned to his former position. Each Indian in turn did the same thing and then the band rode away and disappeared over the ridge. Although expecting death we were too much in anguish to feel thankful for our immediate deliverance. Fearing that they would return, we secreted ourselves as closely as possible in the timber. Both of us were soon horribly nauseated, and burning with fever. We remained hidden until about 9 o'clock the next day.

"Early in the morning of the fight, Jack Flood was cutting cedar posts in a canyon when he heard the Indians coming, secreted himself and saw them pass by. The appearance of a Comanche Indian in Texas meant war. Flood ran to the farm of John Fleming, gave the alarm and raised a posse of 12 men. They reached our wagon about an hour after the Indians had gone.

"Morrow and I were wild with thirst and tried to reach Brady Creek, but I grew so sick that I could not go further. I told him to scan the country and fire the remaining shot in his pistol if he saw white men. He saw the posse, mistook our friends for Indians, and crept back to me with one of his boots full of water. I drank so much that I was unable to walk. The posse searched all day without finding us. Four of its members agreed to stay all night in an old log house nearby and resume the search next morning. Major Ross, now of Belton, Tx., and J.Z. Sloan of San Saba, were 2 of these 4 volunteers. About daylight on Jan. 19, Sloan found an arrow sticking in the ground and a few steps away another and another which he followed till he came to the timber where we were hiding. He was within 30 yards of me before I saw and recognized him. Our rescuers got a wagon and hauled us home, reaching there about dusk. We recovered 3 of our horses. One of mine had 3 arrows in him. I cut down into his haunches 11 inches to remove an arrowhead. Morrow and I were pitiable looking objects, covered with blood, gashed with wounds and almost dead. Both recovered after a number of

operations. I was compelled to use crutches for 2 years.

"The Indians escaped from Tx., before they could be overtaken. They had stolen away from the Fort Sill Reservation, in what is now Ok., to burn and pillage and murder. We brought suit against the Government for losses due to their depredations but lost through the delay of lawyers in prosecuting the case.

"The Indian I shot in the hips proved to be old Asaharber, who died in 1884. I saw him in 1883 for the first time after the fight, at a cow camp in the Panhandle, where I had gone to run horse races with the Comanches. He was in the grub shack eating when I entered. He stopped instantly and watching me carefully got up and went outside, keeping his face constantly towards me. Through an interpreter he said that he knew me. I replied that there was no doubt of it, and felt an itching to kill him. Next morning his camp at the mouth of the Sweetwater was gone. He had headed for Fort Sill as fast as his ponies could travel.

"I hate Indians like hell," said Uncle Billy, his eyes flashing with anger. Then in greatest scorn, "the poor homeless man of the forest! I want to kill a man when he talks that way. Those devils did enough in that raid to turn any white man against the whole race. They stole a 10 year old boy, William Herter, in Mason Co., carried him to the head of the Concho, then to Pueblo and New Mexico, finally trading him for a horse. The boy was old enough to tell his name, and the man who got him wrote to Sheriff Milligan and the boy was restored to his father. In Gillespie Co., they killed 2 women by cutting off their heads, raised a baby by the heels and dashed its brains out against a tree. I saw blood on the tree a year later. In Llano Co., they scalped a Mrs. Dancer 4 times. She had remarkable courage. The Indians jabbed arrows in her to see if she was dead but she never flinched and crawled away after the Indians left.

"In Burnett Co., a farmer named Bensen went about 100 yards from his home to tie his horse, his 7 year old boy following him. The Comanches surprised Bensen and killed him, tied the boy and left him on the ground near where they concealed themselves all day and night. The child saw the neighbors bury his father's body. He was taken to Fort Sill and exchanged 4 or 5 years later. He returned to the Comanches, married a squaw, and may be still living with the tribe."

DUNHAM--BUSICK--ROTHBONE

SARAH E. ROTHBONE

1851-1927

This article was taken from the Delaware, Ohio, Semi-Weekly Gazette of the issue of Oct. 6, 1903, and relates to the early life of Mrs. John Rothbone, of Hume, Ill. The article was written by Frank Sherman of Delaware, O., (Mrs. Rothbone's mother's brother.)

"This pleasant fall weather has brought in many friends from the far west. We have been favored along with the other fortunate ones. On the 4th of November, 1863, we went to the war a mere boy of 17, and among those to bid us a sad good bye, was a favorite niece. In fact, she was our only niece at that time, and being but a few years older than she was, and having spent our childhood's happy hours together, our parting was more than ordinary. Of course we had fond hopes of again meeting in the roseate future, but cruel fate willed otherwise, and we have been deprived of that privilege until last week. You can imagine our pleasure better than we can tell it. But how changed. In place of a sprightly young girl of a dozen summers, we were greeted by a stately lady of 52 years, fat and hearty, weighing around 200 pounds instead of 80. Of course, we too have changed some little, yet we don't realize it so much. You can rest assured we did all in our power to make her short stay of 2 weeks all that could be wished for. We drove around over the country over 100 miles, pointing out all land marks, and noting new ones; the sacred resting places of our loved ones were not neglected, and many kind acts and loving smiles of those who have gone to the other shore were lovingly remembered and engraved on the tablets of our hearts anew. One of the pleasantest memories which our dear niece, Mrs. Rothbone nee Miss Sarah Dunham carried back home with her, was the fact that her relatives as well as old time friends, and they are many, all vied with each other to see which could make her the most welcome. In fact, it was not only a picnic, but an ovation from start to finish. Did she enjoy it, did you ask? Well, we can only judge from the remarks she dropped while tearing herself from us when the time came for the home going. "I will tell my folks," she said, "that I have been visiting in God's country." We hunted up her many relatives on her father's side, the Dunhams, and the greeting she received from one and all was very tender indeed, and she met for the first time quite a number of cousins.

If the history of this woman, if written out in full, would read like a romance. Few women have undergone and yet lived to tell of the trying tribulations as well as triumphs she was witnessed, for this woman is no other than the only daughter of Solomon Dunham, who, it will be remembered was killed by the Indians and Mexicans in 1875 in McCullough Co., Tx. She had not seen her father for 6 years, and when he had located in Tx., and written home in glowing terms for his son-in-law to bring his little family to the sunny south, their hopes ran very high indeed, and Mr. James Busick, for this was her first husband's name, took his young wife and 3 children and left for the

promised land. On arriving at their destination, her husband left her among strangers while he went to the frontier some 40 miles further on to where her father had located their prospective home. He got through safely, but while he and the father were getting up their horses the next morning to drive back to the settlements where the little family were, they were both cruelly murdered; in fact they were literally chopped to pieces by the savages, and this poor girl wife and 3 babies were destined by cruel fate to never see father and grandfather again, not even dead or alive, for they were buried several days before the heart broken wife knew of their death. Then for 3 long years she battled with adverse circumstances for a very meager existence, left entirely without means, as well as friends. The hardships she was forced to go through make one's blood run cold to hear of, let alone witnessing. What would some of our fair ones think of taking a rope and going into a corral or pen, and roping wild cows, tying them to trees, then milking them, some 15 or 20, once a day, taking the milk home to make butter to sell to the soldiers at the fort to supply the food for 3 little hungry mouths. This she did and more too. She has killed rattlesnakes, and wild cats, as well as listened to the enervating war-whoop of the savages while huddled in the corner of her little sod house expecting to be killed at any moment.

Mrs. Rothbone is a resident of Hume, Ill., at the present time where she owns a comfortable little home, surrounded by her children and friends, loved and respected as she deserves to be. May she live to pay to Delaware, her childhood home, many more visits, and may her eventful history be handed down to posterity as an incentive to true womanhood.

Signed by "Brother Nye"

(Frank Sherman)

MEMORIES OF OUR MOTHER FOR MY BROTHER ORA L. ROTHBONE:
by Gertie Olive Busick Keran.

When my mother came back from Texas, and brought her little family of three children, and her youngest brother, Alfred Dunham, with her, my sister Della and brother George, and myself, Gertie, I was 3 years old. It was in the year 1878. We got off the train at Marshalltown, Ia., for she had brought all her few belongings in a ten bushel wooden box. After her husband and father were killed by the Indians she lived in Texas 3 years. She sold her land grant of 160 acres for a very small sum, took we children and came to Ia., where her father had a little farm of 10 acres. It was shared by her and her three brothers. There was a little one-room house boarded up and down. It was away out on the prairie a mile and half from Liscomb, Ia., a little way station with a depot and a few stores. She was urged to give us children away for it looked like she could never raise us to help ourselves for she had nothing. Only what she could earn with her two hands. I was but 3 months old when she was left alone in the world without husband or father. Many people wanted me but she was determined to keep us children together. She washed for a family close by for 50 cents a week.

She put in a garden in the spring. Got some chickens, a pig, and traded somehow and got a cow. My brother, George, was able to help her a little with the chores. With these things she managed to get along for 2 years. The winters were bitter cold. we had nothing but a cook stove to keep warm with. All slept in one bed and covered ourselves with the other feather bed. These feather beds were left to her by her mother when she died in Greenup, Ill.

I can remember the snow drifted as high as the house, and the roads were drifted for miles. There were rail fences along the road side. You could see the tops of the corn stalks sticking above the snow. That was the only way to tell where the road was. It froze a crust of ice over the top of the snow. They drove over these drifts. No one could get on them unless the horses were sharp shod. There were not many on the roads. We got through that winter God only knows how. But mother was always brave. She made me a skirt out of my father's old blue soldier's coat. We never had under clothing like we have now. They were made out of cotton flannel, a nap on one side and twilled on top. They were very warm. She made everything by hand. How well I remember, how I would stand on a chair by the old Hasaway cook stove of a morning and on her trips between the table and stove she would pat me on the back and kiss and love me. Called me her old "codlin," a pet name she had for me.

Then the next summer she farmed her little patch of ground with the help of her younger brothers. She had two younger brothers. They made their homes with an uncle. Their names were Charles and Clem Dunham; just young boys. I remember how they used to wrestle to see which was the stronger. Contests of strength were a great past time. (Alfred Dunham died the next winter.)

In the summer of 1879 she met your father. She was 29 and he 19. He came along one day selling notions such as candy and prize boxes. That is all I remember. I was five. Candy was scarce with us children those days. Mother used to have brown sugar. I used to steal a lump when I had a chance. She used to tell me the negroes stamped in it with their feet so I wouldn't beg for too much.

Papa came again and we children fell in love with him. His father came with him sometimes. They lived in Albion, Ia., about 6 miles south of mother's home. Mother would have her little house clean and shining. Two small rooms. He began to come on Sundays, and he began to love her and asked her to marry him. It went on that way through the summer of 1879. One Sunday in the fall he was there. George, Della and I were sent out to play with the dog "Nig". We went snake hunting in an old slough where the wild ~~grass~~ had grown up in the water. There was an old well there with a board laid across the top. It was full of water. A big blue racer snake chased the dog out of the tall grass. He came running with his ears laid back and ran for home. He was a black, curly-haired Shepherd dog. Then we tarried a little longer. The others were standing on the board which laid across the top of well, scooping up tadpoles with their hands. So I thought I would try my luck. The first scoop I took I fell in head first. I came up once and went down again. George grabbed my dress as I came up the second

time. Then they decided we had better go home. I was all wet. I could hardly walk. I was so ashamed to let him see me I didn't hurry. But his being there saved me from a spanking. When I did get there mother took me in the bedroom and put dry clothes on me. After she got my pants and waist on she pushed me through the door and told him, "here us my little boy". I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. I think that was the most embarrassing moment in my whole life. I was but five.

That fall a new school house was built a half mile from our home. Mother had to go away from home to work, so on many days, she started me to school. I wasn't old enough to know the meaning of it. Those days you had to learn the ABC's. I didn't know them. Never had heard of them. Yet the teacher was a man and not very understanding with children, especially as I was a poor child. He didn't give me a chance. Gave me a book and asked me to read. I couldn't, so he sent me back to my seat and told me to study. Every time he looked at me I wasn't studying. He came by very often and pulled my ears until they got so sore I cried every time he pulled them. Then mother took me out of school and taught me my ABC's. I wasn't very apt. It was hard for me to understand. Lessons didn't come very easy for me then.

That fall mother told your father she wouldn't have him as he was too young to marry a woman with a family of 3 children. He was 10 years younger. So he didn't come anymore for a long time. Then one night, sitting around the old cook stove trying to keep warm, we children asked why he didn't come any more. I cried because he didn't come any more. I didn't know what it was all about. It softened her heart and she wrote him a letter. He came out soon after. Winter came on. There came a sleet storm and ice was everywhere. We were out of coal and no one would take out a team to go and get it for us. I remember it well. She and I, and my sister Della, and George, broke corn stalks all day to burn to keep warm. That afternoon he came and saw how we were about to freeze. He went back home and got his father's team and brought us a load of wood. That was a very kind deed. So after that the courtship went on until July the following year. They were married July 3, 1880, at Albion, Ia.

The 4th of July was celebrated on the 3rd as the 4th was on Sunday. How well I remember it. We saw the balloon go up and all the things that made a 4th of July. Papa gave us candy and lemonade. Then about 4 o'clock they took Della and I (I was 5½ years old then); and went up the hill to his father's house with the Justice of the Peace, Mr. Wooster. They stood in theyard just inside the gate with me holding mother's hand and Della holding his hand on the other side, they took the vow of marriage with we two as witnesses. Then we went home to our little shack on the prairie.

Clara, the first child, was born Sept. 20, 1881. They named her Clara Rose. She was a dear little black-eyed child. She lived almost 2 years. She was very smart. She used to call me "Dirdie" and Della "Dadle". She used to like to ride on our backs. Della used to take her to the woods and get mulberries for her. She used to get her cup and tell her "mulberries Dadle." Della would act like she didn't know what she

wanted then her little eyes would shine and she would say, "I am mad, do you see my eyes?" Then we would take her and go to the woods for mulberries. She understood so many things for a child so young. She took spinal meningitis and died Sept. 26, 1883. We never had her picture, but I have a picture of her deep down in memories frame. She was buried in Old Berlin, Ill., west of Springfield about 10 miles. It was a blow to mother. She took a chill and almost died. We were on our way to Bement, Ill., in a covered wagon. We got some rooms and stayed there that winter until March next year. Then we came to Pierson Station, Ill., east of Decatur, Ill. We lived with a cousin of mother's that winter. (Note: Lycurgus Busick, or Kerg as he was called, a brother of James Busick, her first husband who was killed by the Indians, lived on a farm southeast of Bement, Ill., a few miles from Pierson Station, Ill.)

Johnnie, the next one was born Feb. 6, 1883. He died Oct. 26, 1886. I don't remember what he died with. He was only sick a week. We had dug the potatoes. The day was warm and the air balmy. There were 2 doors in the kitchen. One could pass straight through from to the other. That evening mother was getting supper. He was in a happy mood. He had a strap. He held it in his hand and ran through the kitchen and out the other door. He would shake hands with mother each time he ran through and then run out the door and around the house and come through again. He did this for several times. That night he went to bed and the next morning he had a high fever. We had the doctor but he didn't seem to know what was the matter with him. Three days later he was dead. How mother loved him. She always had a pet name for all her babies. She used to say to him, "Telink, Telink, To-le-do." He would stop crying and then begin to laugh but he was a sober child mostly. He never said much. My memory isn't so very clear sometimes about him but I took care of him a lot.

Elmer Rothbone was born July 22, 1885. Died Sept. 17, 1887 in Pierson, Ill. He was also born in Pierson. When he was a year old we moved to Decatur, Ill. In the spring dad went over there and got a job hauling ice for storage, then he got the job to deliver the ice in the summer, so he came home and moved his family in March and we lived there until fall then moved back to Pierson. The folks owned the little place where they lived. there was one lot. Then mother had a chance to buy a lot adjoining it on the corner. How she did work and save to get enough money to buy it. While we lived in Decatur we had a very pleasant summer. Papa took us to Barnum's Circus. It was a high spot in my life for we didn't get to go much. Papa was good to me and did whatever he could to make me happy. I was 11. I got the first and last balloon on a stick. I had always wanted one but didn't have any money to buy one. He gave me a dime to spend and that was how I got it. My sister, Della, lost hers.

Little Elmer was a very cute child. My sister and I petted him and loved him very much. She worked down town. One day she bought a little red wagon for him and brought it home on Sat., night after he had gone to bed. We took him up to show it to him. I took him down the road for a ride. When I brought him back he didn't want to go to bed again. I can still see him

crying for it.

Then we lived in Pierson, Ill. Papa worked on a farm and came home week ends. Then in the late summer he got it in his head to come to Michigan to work in the lumber camps. He and George got packed and came to Cadillac, Mi., then a little lumber camp. They stayed there until Mar., the following spring. In Sept., after they had gone, I took sick. After 2 weeks little Elmer got sick. He only lived a few days and died Sept. 17, 1887. Mother was almost sick too. They buried him at the Harshbarger Cem., along side of the three others. That winter was cold. Mother's arms were empty. She went bravely on until papa got home in March. He got work on a farm that summer. Then the dredge boat came into the country to drain the land. He got a job with J.E. Rogers, the man who owned the boat. He worked at that job as long as there was anything to do around there. Then Rogers got a contract to dig a ditch near Hume, Ill.

(I got ahead of my story so I will go back here.) There was another child, Walter, b. May 30, 1887, and d. Aug. 18, 1888. He was a year and 3 months old when he died. He had whooping cough. He was a fat little fellow. He had never walked yet. He was laid beside the others that fell. Papa got work on the railroad on a boarding car. Took mother and me. She cooked for the men and I helped her. The car went between Decatur and Danville, Ill. We came back to Pierson that summer. He got on the dredge boat that fall, and moved to Pierson in Sept.

Then we moved to Hume, Ill., in Sept., of 1889. Ora Leopold Rothbone was b. Dec. 13, 1889 at Hume, Ill. My sister Della loved you and petted you. She made little dresses for you. A neighbor's girls came to see you. They were twins, Sada and Lizzie Jacton. They gave you a pair of little red mittens. Mother made the most of you. She kept you longer than any of her babies.

Then on March 30, 1892, Roy Dansel Rothbone was born. You were past 2 years old. Della and I were working out. We came home every 2 weeks. Then sister Della took sick and was poorly for a year. She couldn't work much. In July 1892 she went to Iowa. She thought the change would do her good but alas she kept getting worse, then she came home in Feb. 1893. Took to her bed for 7 months. She was a care to mother. I helped her as much as I could. Then on Aug. 24, 1893 she passed away. I was 18 years old. You were 3 years and past. Roy was a 1 year and 5 months. Paw was away most of the time working on the dredge boat.

Then we moved to Kilbourne, Ill., northwest of Springfield, for the next year and a half, to be where papa worked. You could begin to remember some of the events that took place by that time. Then the folks moved back to Hume.

I came to Michigan in 1914, then in 1915 the folks moved to Dundee, Mich. We spent 10 years here together. She lived near me. Mother was sick 4 years. She died Jan. 20, 1927. Paw lived 5 years then died June 12, 1933 at Monticello, Ill.

Dear Ora, I have written these things from memory. If there is anything more you want to know ask me while I am living. Time is so short. We should forget all differences and live a better life and love one another. We had the same mother and she loved you the same as me. Your dad was kind to me. I always loved him to the last. You should respect him and keep

him in your memory for he was good to you. He worked at anything he could get to do to make a living for you. He had a wonderful memory. He never had but little schooling but could remember dates and years in history from hearing others talk. He was very observing. He knew things about me I never knew until he told me. Mother and he lived happily together for 47 years. In her last years of life she lived it all over again; her life with your father and mine. Everything came back to her. But through her long life of so many sorrows and troubles she never lost faith in God. I am sure her prayers were answered. She looked so peaceful and at rest. Now I will close my letter with a prayer. I will send these papers to you so you can type them. Hope you will forgive me for not getting them to you sooner. My writing is so poor. My fingers are so stiff. I am sending you a picture of mother and dad. You were about a year old. If you have any like this I would like to have it back. If not, it is yours. I had 2 but someone took one. I have their marriage certificate. Would you like to have it?

Signed-Gertie Keran

This letter written by Gertie Olive Busick Keran in Eustice, Fla., about 1941 to O.L. Rothbone.

JOHN L. RATHBONE

John Liberty Milroy Union Rathbone, was b. Nov. 10, 1860 in Deep River, Ind. This is a small town near the eastern border of Lake Co., on the highway that runs east to Valpariso, Ind. When he was a boy he was called "Lib". I think he said his father had once lived in Bryan, O., before coming to Deep River. Probably marr., his wife at Bryan, O. Her name was Pauline---

When he was a small boy my father used to tell me about the adventures of his father on the high seas. But like most small boys I did not pay too much attention and have forgotten much of what he said. He related to me that his grandfather was a sailor and owned a whaling fleet, and was very wealthy. His fleet sailed out of the port of Bangor, Maine. Father used to tell about his grandfather getting into battles with the pirates on the ocean, and other adventures which are common to sailors but I have forgotten the details.

About 1945 I got in touch with Lillian Wilson, now Lillian Flury, of Portland, Ore., the daughter of my uncle, Walter Rathbone, and she wrote and told me of the history of the life of grandfather, John Rathbone. She also sent me a newspaper clipping telling about the death of grandfather, John Rathbone, in O'Neill, Neb., in 1911. (I saw grandfather twice when I was a small boy. O.L. Rothbone). She said that grandfather Rathbone was born in Marseilles, France, and that his mother was French, of the blond type French of southern France. She said that the father of our grandfather was the owner of a large whaling fleet and it was his desire that his son, John Rathbone, become a sailor and that he would then turn the fleet over to

him as an inheritance. But the boy John, was not old enough yet so he placed him on a ship under the guidance of an uncle who was supposed to teach him the whaling business and how to manage the fleet. But the uncle wanted the fleet for himself so he abused the boy and made life so miserable for him that at the age of 16, while the ships were docked in the port of Liverpool, England, the boy deserted and made his escape and came by ship to America. The father, being influenced by the boy's uncle, thought that his son was ungrateful so when he died he left only \$1.00 to the son as an inheritance in his will. The reddish hair and real fair complexion of John Rathbone was inherited from his French mother who was the blond type of French who are so different in appearance to the small stature, dark complexioned French.

After landing in America, John Rathbone began moving westward with the tide of immigration. He had reached Deep River, Ind., where father was born. Then he moved to Milwaukee, Wis., and later to Janesville, Wis., and then on to Albton, Ia., and finally to O'Neill, Neb., where he died. He was supposed to have married a Scotch girl in northern O. This was probably at Bryan, O.

When I was a boy in Hume, Ill., father liked to relate the experiences of his boyhood. I have heard him tell many times of his school days. He said that his parents were too poor to buy him a pair of shoes so that he could go to school in the winter months. To overcome this handicap, he procured a hickory board and each morning before breakfast he would place it in the oven of the cook stove and let it get hot. When he started for school he would place it under his coat. Then he would start out for school. He would run until his feet became cold and then he would lay the hot board on the ground and stand on it until his feet became warm. Then he would place the board back under his coat and run again until his feet became cold and then repeat the process. In this way he managed to get to school. Father said he managed to go to school until he had finished the third grade. He learned to read and write and figure a little. However, he had a good memory and learned quite a lot by listening to other people talk. He had a cheerful disposition and was very kind hearted. His worst fault was that he did not like to stay put in one place. He was always wanting to move to some other town. This restlessness must have been inherited from his sailor ancestry for sailors are always on the move from one port to another. If he had settled in one locality and stayed there I feel he would have accumulated much more of this worlds goods. An old saying is, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" and I think that was the reason that father did not prosper more than he did. His wife was of the opposite disposition. She always wanted a home of her own and "an anchor to tie to". It was to this persistence of hers that we children owe our education and success in the world.

J.E. Rogers had secured a contract to dig a ditch east of Hume, Ill., in 1889. Father was given the job of hauling the coal to the dredge boat. That was why they moved to Hume. Father had worked on the dredge boat that same year near Atwood, where a large ditch called the Lake Fork Ditch had been

dug to drain that part of the country. That ditch was 60 feet wide and 15 feet deep. The soil in this part of Ill., is very black and rich and after the ditches drained off the surplus water it became rich farming country.

Mother told me that I was born in the first house south of Main Street, on the east side of the street which runs south just east of the George Hughes home. The Hughes residence was a large 2 story house just east of the Kansas & Sidell Railroad and faced north on Main St. The CH&D runs parallel with Main St., and is just a block to the north. About 1904 the depot was moved from the central part of town and placed at the intersection of the two rail roads. Mother said that the night I was born there was a hard snow storm. Father was working on the dredge boat east of town and they sent for him to come home. Old Dr. Bradley was the attending physician. In those days it was the custom for the doctor to feel the shape of the baby's head and forecast the future occupation or profession that the child would grow up in. Mother often told me that Dr. Bradley predicted that I would either be a doctor or a lawyer. I think Dr. Bradley died before I was old enough to know him, but his widow lived in Hume for many years after his death.

While I was a baby the house caught fire one day. They were drying the clothes behind the stove and after the clothes got dry they caught fire from the heat of the stove and then set the house on fire. The fire did considerable damage before it was put out and gave them quite a scare. As I remember mother telling me about it I think she said that she had gone to the store or a neighbors and left Gertie at home to take care of me while she was away.

The folks did not live at this first place very long. They bought an acre of ground at the east edge of town on the corner where Main St., turns north and the road goes north through Hildreth to Sidell, Ill. The CH&D ran just back of our place. Mother said that when I was small I would run away and when she found me I was generally sitting in the middle of the rail road tracks playing in the gravel. When I was about 12 years old a boy by the name of Harry Allhands stayed for supper one evening. He started for home about 6:45 and got one of his feet caught in the cattle guards at the road crossing just back of our barn. He could not get his foot out and the 7 o'clock passenger train from the east was coming and would have run over him in a few minutes if it had not been that George Busick started to town a few minutes after the boy left our house and came upon him. He quickly pulled off his shoe and got his foot out of the trestle just in time to save him. In muddy weather we used this railroad to walk to town on as there were no sidewalks on our street and there was a large swamp just to the west of our place.

The folks built a little 2 room house about 16x24, boarded up and down on the outside with 10" white pine boards. The cracks between the boards were covered with thin strips of wood similar to wood lath. They lived in this little house until about 1904 when another room was built on to the north side which was used as a dining room and kitchen. They also built a smoke house about 12x16 a little to the north of the house which was used as a kitchen and dining room during the summer months. Later on this smoke house was moved to the east of the kitchen

along the street line and was used as a cob house and storage place for extra furniture. The house faced south and there was a little porch in front from which a brick walk led out to the gate. Across the front of the yard was a white picket fence. Along the east side of the yard was a woven wire picket fence of red pickets. Just a few feet from the northeast corner of house was dug a well. It was about 25' deep and walled up with burnt clay drain tile. A platform of boards covered the top and there was a wooden pump. At various times I have seen my father climb down into this well and clean it out. Another man would stand on the ground above and lower a bucket down to him which would be filled with the trash which had fallen in to the well. He would climb up again by placing his feet on the walls on each side of the well. It looked to be a very dangerous thing for if the tile had given away it would likely have thrown him to the bottom of the well. When I was about 12 years old I used to catch live fish in the dredge ditch and bring them home. One time some of these small fish dropped through the cracks in the well platform. When father cleaned the well out we found four or five good sized cat fish. They had lived and grown at the bottom of the well.

Not long after the house was built mother bought young fruit trees and set out an orchard all around the house. There were Early Richmond cherries, black Montmorencies, a black sweet cherry; Alberta peaches, Wild Goose plums and Blue Damson plums; Maiden Blush, Wolf River, Winesap and Yellow Transparent apples; 2 dwarf pear trees in the front yard; currants and gooseberries along the fence to the west of the house; and on the other side of them were raspberries down along the fence to the west end of our acre. Along the back fence near the railroad was the black-berry patch. There was also a strawberry patch and a grape arbor. The grape arbor was on each side of the walk which ran back to the cave and barn lot. The barn was located on the north east corner of the place next to the railroad. It was built about 1902. I can remember what a time father had building it. He was using oak lumber and he had to put soap on the spikes before he could drive them into the hard wood. Even then many of the nails would bend before they could be driven into the wood. There were not many insects in those days and the fruit trees bore abundantly without being sprayed. We had all the fruit we could eat in season and mother would can up two or three hundred quarts of fruit for winter use. These were stored in the cave or cellar which was dug just north of the house about 1900. There was also a patch of horseradish and a bed of sage for seasoning, on the south side of the garden.

The large room on the east side of the house served as a front room, and the smaller room on the west was used for a bedroom. Mother and father slept in a large wooden bedstead with a feather bed in the southwest corner of the bed room and my brother and I slept in another large double wooden bed in the northeast corner. When George Busick came home to stay over night he would sleep on the sofa in the front room. The floors were covered with woven rag carpets. These were woven on a large wooden loom by "Grandma" Ewell, an old lady who lived a short distance from us down the Main St., towards town. Her husband had died many years before and she made a little money by weaving

rag into carpets. Her son ran the blacksmith shop in Hume and also taught band music in his shop at night. Bands were very popular in those days and nearly every town of any consequence boasted of a brass band.

Kerosene lamps were used to give light at night. Mother was very fond of flowers and usually had benches in front of the east and south windows filled with potted geraniums and other plants. She also had a bird cage suspended from the ceiling near the east window in which she kept one or two canary birds. Corn cobs and wood were the main fuel as they were plentiful and cheap. Cobs could be bought for 50¢ a load delivered. They made a very hot fire but burned down in a few minutes.

Mother was very ambitious and toiled from morning until late at night. She did her own washing and ironing. She sewed all her own clothes and the clothes for my brother and I. She baked her own bread in the oven of the cook stove. She generally baked enough on Mondays to last the whole week. She also baked delicious biscuits and corn bread. She generally had a Jersey cow or two so that there was plenty of milk, butter and cheese. She also raised a flock of chickens so that we had plenty of eggs. I can remember taking eggs to the store and selling them for 10¢ a dozen. We also had surplus butter to sell. The usual price we received was 16 to 20¢ per pound. The stores would not pay cash for butter or eggs but insisted on our taking it out in trade. She also raised a pen full of hogs each year which supplied us with money to pay the fall taxes and fresh and salted meat for the winter. Mother would buy blue woolen yarn and knit all of our mittens and stockings. One of the earliest recollections I have is of mother sitting in her big rocking chair by the little stand in the front room at night, after she had washed the supper dishes, knitting by the light of the kerosene lamp. She would have me hold up my two arms in front of me and then wind the yarn around my outstretched arms until she had enough to knit with. She used bright steel knitting needles and it was always a mystery to me how she could fashion stockings and mittens with those needles.

Besides all her household duties she found time to cultivate a large garden. We had fresh fruit and vegetables from early spring till late fall. She would store cabbage in pits. She also made kraut which was stored in large ten gallon jars. She made pickles and put them up in large wooden barrels. She dried apples and put them away for winter. Our cave was filled with barrels of apples, turnips and potatoes, and there were bins filled with pumpkins and squashes. There were hundreds of cans of fruit and tomatoes on shelves around the walls of the cave. She saved all surplus fats and made her own soap with wood ashes. She raised chickens, pigeons and hogs. The chickens and pigeons were sold to the huckster who came by and bought them. The pigs were sold in the fall to the cattle dealers. About all we had to buy at the stores was coffee, sugar and flour. Lion coffee was the brand we generally used because there was a premium of one cent for each lion head cut from the package wrapper. I saved up 20 of these lion heads one time and sold them for 20¢ and used the money to buy a pair of pigeons. That was how we got our start raising pigeons. Father built a large pigeon coop and placed it on top of a high post out in the chicken lot. The pigeons multiplied rapidly until there were hundreds of them.

When they were quite numerous we had some difficulty with the boys who would come back from hunting and would shoot the birds as they came in to light on our barn.

Our house was built on rather high ground. About a block west of us was a low place which ran from the railroad on south across the public road. Just south of our place was another depression which ran from the center of town out east to the dredge ditch east of our place. During the winter and spring months these low places were frequently flooded with 2 or 3 feet of water. About 2 or 300 feet of Main St., was completely under water so that we could not get to the business part of town over that street. During these periods of high water we would go to the back of our place and then go down the railroad tracks to town. The water would be up to the ties on the railroad on each side of the tracks. One time on my way to school I was jumping back and forth across the ditch at the side of the tracks and slipped and fell into the water. I was wet up to my waist. I went on to school however and let my clothes dry on me. I was afraid I might get sick but suffered no ill effects. The roads were so muddy that it was difficult for a team to pull an empty wagon. During these periods of high water we could look for miles to the east and south of us and see nothing but water as far as we could see. It seemed like we were standing on the edge of a lake. Many times have I stood on the platform of the depot and looked out north and there was nothing but water as far as the eye could see. It was 5 or 6 feet deep and extended for miles. It would sometimes be several weeks before this flood water could be drained away by the dredge ditches.

Up until 1904 all of the sidewalks in the village of Hume were made from lumber. The carpenters would take a couple of 2x4's about 12' long and nail 6 " boards across them and make them up into sections which were laid along the sides of the streets to serve as sidewalks to keep the people out of the mud. During the high water periods these sections of sidewalks would frequently break loose and float around in the middle of the street. The children would amuse themselves by using them for rafts to paddle around on. This was very exasperating to the village authorities. After the water had subsided they would collect them and place them back in position. Many people would have to wear rubber boots in order to get in and out of their homes. Others would take large rocks and place 2x10 planks on them to thus make a sort of bridge from the house to higher ground. The street on which we first lived when we came to Hume was generally under water in the spring and the pond extended on across Main St., to the railroad. Many of the people in Hume had open dug wells. During these periods of flood water the contaminated water would get into the wells and cause typhoid fever. Several people died from this cause in Hume. One of my best boyhood chums by the name of Floyd Cox died from typhoid fever when he was about 12 years old. He was a news boy and carried the Indianapolis News in the evening. I used to go to the train with him in the evenings and help him distribute the papers. His father cultivated the field across from our home. His sister who was 2 years younger also died from typhoid fever a short time later. She was in my class at school. They lived about a half block south of Main St., in the very center of town. Their

house stood in a low spot where the water collected in the rainy season. They had a barn just back of the house on the alley. Drainage from this barn seeped into their well. After the deaths of the two children Mr. Cox moved out into the country and his other child lived.

The wooden sidewalks were the cause of many injuries. The boards would rot or get broken and people would step into the holes or upon the broken boards in the sidewalks and trip and throw themselves. Many villages were involved in lawsuits and had to pay damages to people who had suffered injuries from these broken sidewalks. During the summer months the boards would get so hot they would burn the bare feet of the children who went bare foot. I can remember that many times when I came home from school for lunch I was compelled to run as fast as I could to keep from burning my feet. Sometimes I would step into a patch of hot pitch oozing from a knot in the walk and it would burn my feet and stick to the skin for days until it wore off. Sometimes one would get splinters in their feet from these rough boards in the sidewalks. About 1904 the village began to build concrete walks in Hume and the wooden walks gradually disappeared. Some of the hardest work I ever did when I was about 15 years old was when I helped mix the gravel and cement by hand with a short handled shovel for the construction of some of these cement sidewalks. That was before the advent of mechanical mixers.

About the first thing that I can remember as a child was that of my half-sister Della Busick being sick at home. She had been working on a farm owned by Fred Gash southwest of Hume for a year or two and the hard work and exposure had undermined her health. She and her sister Gertie had worked out there together. She had gone to Iowa and visited relatives for several months in 1892 hoping that the change of climate would do her good but she grew worse after she returned home. She was confined to her bed for seven months before she finally died, on Aug. 24, 1893. I was about 3 years old and can remember visitors bringing her candy and other presents and that after they had gone she would share the candy with me. The doctors gave her various kinds of medicine but none of it seemed to do her any good. She died of T.B. She was buried in Harshbarger Cem., north of Atwood. While she was sick she filled a pint fruit jar with candy. We kept it for many years after her death. There were 2 pieces of candy in this jar that always interested me. One was a large strawberry and the other was the head of a little girl made of marshmallow. Mother kept this jar in her cupboards for many years and I liked to look at it whenever I had the opportunity. Mother still had it when she died in 1927. Della was about 21 years of age when she died. I can't remember very much about her as I was so small. We had a piece of black velvet about 12x18" in size which had flowers painted upon it which he had painted in oil colors. We kept this for many years in memory of her.

When I was a boy in Hume the streets in the business part of town were lit at night with kerosene lamps. These lamps had a number two burner and were enclosed in a glass frame which was set on top of a post at the street corners. They gave a feeble yellow glow in the dark. Street lamps were few and extended only a few blocks from the center of town.

On one occasion mother and Gertie and I took a horse and buggy and went on a visit to an aunt of hers. As we drove along the river we saw many dead and dying fish. The water was low and there were holes here and there which were filled with the gasping and dying fish. I had never seen so many fish before. While we were at her aunt's that afternoon she showed us her pet skunk. It was tame and drank milk from a saucer.

Reminiscence of Ora Rathbone, living at Hume, Illinois.

Father's mother, Pauline, died in Deep River, Ind. From that time on he had to help his father with the house work and other chores. Father had a good memory and was interested in school work and it is unfortunate that he did not get to continue his education. He enjoyed reciting poems which he had memorized from the old McGuffey Third Reader. One of his favorite poems was the Sluggard. When I was a boy I did not like to get up out of the bed on a cold morning. He would come to the door of the bedroom and laugh and recite the following:

"Oh, said the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again,
As a door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
With a shrug of his shoulders, and a sigh turns his head."

I could not appreciate the humor of this poem and it always irritated me. ~~Father~~ Father thought it a good joke and would laugh at my discomfort. I feel now he should have taken a paddle to me rather than recite poetry.

After his wife died grand father Rathbone moved up to near Milwaukee, Wis. Here his son Walter became an apprentice in a machine shop and learned to be a mechanic and steam engineer. The family later moved to near Janesville, Wis. Father often mentioned the city of Janesville, Wis. (Seems to me that is where his mother died, but I am not certain.) From Janesville, grandfather Rathbone moved to near Albion, Ia. My sister, Gertie Busick, told me that grandfather had a huckster wagon and went through the country selling notions, groceries etc. That was how father became acquainted with Sarah Busick, when she lived out in the country near Albion, Ia. They were married on July 3, 1880 at Albion. (The story of their meeting and romance is told by Gertie Busick Keran in the life story of my mother in another place in this book.) I have their marriage license among my papers at home. My sister, Gertie and Della Busick, were witnesses to the wedding ceremony.

My father worked on the dredge boat for 13 years. He got \$30 a month and board and washing as I remember. He did not like a job unless he could drive a team of horses. He hauled the coal from the railroads out to the dredge boat. After quitting the dredge boat he bought a team and did draying and teaming and garden plowing around Hume and the surrounding towns. He also worked in the large grain elevators in the summer months when they were shelling and shipping corn. He would also haul corn to the elevators and ~~do other work there.~~ ~~and~~ One time I went with him to an elevator up near Ridge Farm and stayed 2 or 3 weeks. We slept in the scale office of the

elevator and father cooked our meals. He called it "batching". We slept on the floor at night. At this time he owned a pair of young mules. I would curry and brush them and pet them. It is a wonder that I did not get kicked by them. They were young and rather wild. I would curry and brush their legs. A few months later father and mother were driving this span of mules to Newman, Ill. They became frightened at a dog that ran out from the Ott Smith farm west of Hume and ran away. They ran down the road and finally went in the ditch and the wagon upset. Mother was thrown from the wagon and shaken up rather badly.

Thornville, Ohio
Feb. 21, 1946

To Mr. Ora L. Rothbone
Wayne, Mich.

Dear Sir,

I don't know how to thank you for the pictures you sent to us. They are really very nice and we thank you so much. I am sending you a package which you can put in your cabinet (if you wish), any way it is my own work. (Note: it was a slab of home cured bacon-OLR) We all like surprises so will not tell you what it is.

Now for a little family history. My grand mother married Thos. Watson and had 3 small children when she married Grandpa. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Hooper. She had one daughter who grew up and she had a family of 4 children. Grandpa raised the youngest who lived to be 9 years old, in fact they all stayed there a good bit. They always had so many people there and they all said grandpa was always nice to them so that speaks well of him.

Grandma's father was Rev. James Hooper and must have had some money. He gave each of his 10 children a farm. And this country home was given to them all but \$700 which Grandpa paid. There is about 100 acres in the place. I used to find little arrow heads there when they plowed. The house was built during the Civil War. The wood work and doors are all black walnut, the stairsteps and even the cellar steps are walnut. Grandpa had a secret box in the cellar where he kept his money. Did he tell us? No, we were just exploring and found it. The foundation you will notice is sandstone and the cellar wall was sandstone. Uncle Davis was a stone mason and dressed the stones. The porch I think was the original porch with oak boards. This has been replaced with a cement floor.

Thank you for your kind invitation to visit you. Maybe you had better not invite too many of your relatives to visit you. You might have to build an addition to your house. My grandparents were great hands to go and visit folks. While my father was just the opposite. He was quiet and never had much to say but was a great reader. I remember there was a Mr. Bush at their house one Sunday morning hunting family history. Think his great grandmother had been a sister to his great grandfather. I heard them talking but don't remember what they said.

Of course we think our son is pretty nice. He has so many snap shots of himself. I just sent that one for you to see what us folks looked like, of course I would send the best sample. That was the only picture we had of dad or David Hatfield. It is taken when he was quite young. Have a few snap shots but not very good.

Both John and my sister Stella were school teachers. Oh, by the way, I found a date that might interest you. Joseph Hatfield died June 2, 1937, aged 89 years, lived near Glenford. Mr. Hite has a sale today and if this gets in themmail I'll have to take it to the post office.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Hite

(She was Ruth Raye Sherman)

CLUES TO FAMILY CONNECTIONS

Thornville, Ohio
Jan. 20th 1946

Mr. Ora Rothbone
136 Karle St.,
Wayne, Mich.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for sending me the chart. By the chart my husband says your grand mother and my father were cousins. We have great grandfather Eli's picture and one of his wives, but which one, it seems he had three. They are large and are in the old fashioned oval frames. I wondered if you would want one of the frames for re-production, the glass could be removed. They have been enlarged from a smaller picture. We have a book "The Life of General Sherman". It gives some of the early Sherman history. My father used to say Rodger Sherman was a nearer relative than General and Senator Sherman. Back to the pictures. Was fortunate to get grandmother Sherman's album. It had quite a few pictures in it. Uncle Jim and Uncle Davis and one of Uncle Davis and his wife who we called Aunt Beckey. I don't remember her. But Uncle Davis often visited my grandfather and I remember him quite well. I have an autograph album which he gave me for Christmas which has the date in. I don't remember but I'll take a look for it when I can. I guess I told you about them being good singers but my grandfather couldn't even carry a tune.

We have been busy this last week. Both my husband and son are lawyers, we are also farmers or I am, we have several farms and last week we had some pigs butchered. We canned some meat and put some in a locker. Will send these pictures and you can use what you wish.

Yours truly,
Mrs. W.A. Hite

(Ruth Faye Sherman)

P.S. I forgot to tell you about my grandfather's family. They had five children, two died while very young. One little girl lived to be about 2½ years old. Harriett, she was buried in the cemetery at Alexandria. Martha who they called Mattie, lived to be about 15. My father was the only one to grow up so I never had any aunts, uncles, or cousins on the Sherman side.

SARAH DUNHAM BUSICK ROTHBONE, died in Dundee, Mi., on Jan. 20, 1927. Her husband, John Rothbone, d. in Monticello, Ill., on June 21, 1933. Burials in Atwood, Ill. They were parents of 6 children. Clara, John, Elmer, Ora L., b. Dec. 13, 1889 at Hume, Ill., and Ray Rothbone.

Ora L. Rothbone, marr., Ruth Meyer, July 26, 1916 in Indianapolis, Ind. Ruth was b. Nov. 12, 1900 in Macomb, Ill. Their children were: Robert, Evelyn, Ruth and Patricia Rothbone. Ora graduated from Hume High School in 1910 and attended Butler College in Indianapolis. He moved then to Dearborn, Mi., in 1928. He worked for the Ford Motor Co., for 28 years, in charge of the Tool and Book Store at the River Rouge plant. He now resides at 1329 Linville St., Wayne, Michigan.

Mr. Ora L. Rothbone died suddenly in Wayne, Mi., in 1968. He is buried on the family lot in Atwood, Ill., Cemetery.